

POLICE

COMICS

SM
6



JUNE No. 67

**PLASTIC
MAN**
GAGS
The Gag Man!



STILL
60
PAGES
FOR
10¢

- JACK COLE -

**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**



THESE
TITLES ARE TOPS!



LOOK FOR
THE SEAL OF QUALITY



PACKED WITH 60 PAGES
OF

ACTION, LAUGHS AND THRILLS!

HIT
COMICS
NATIONAL
COMICS

Plastic Man



OH-HO-HO-HO-HO!
HO-HO-HO!

THIS'LL KILL
ME!

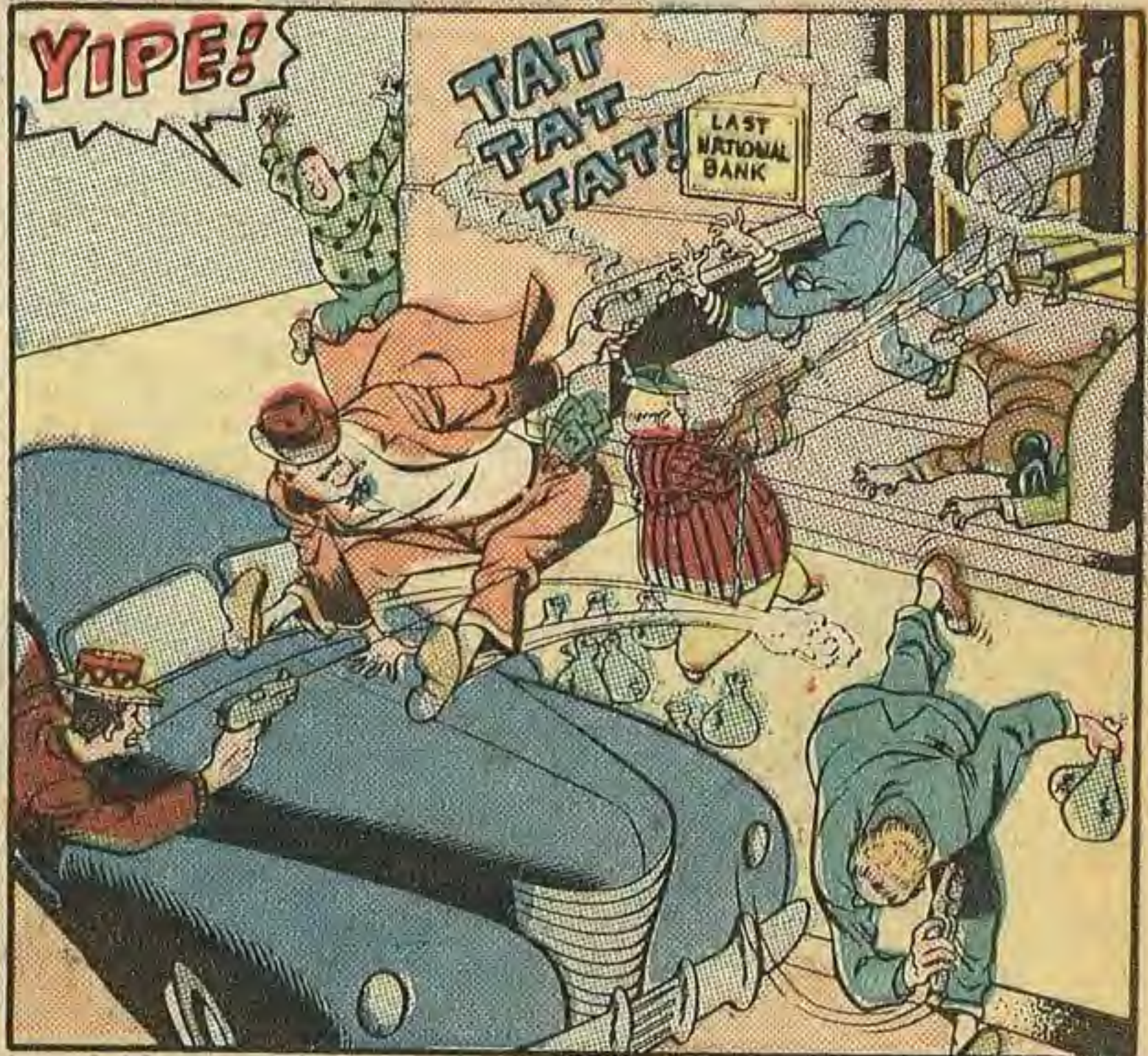
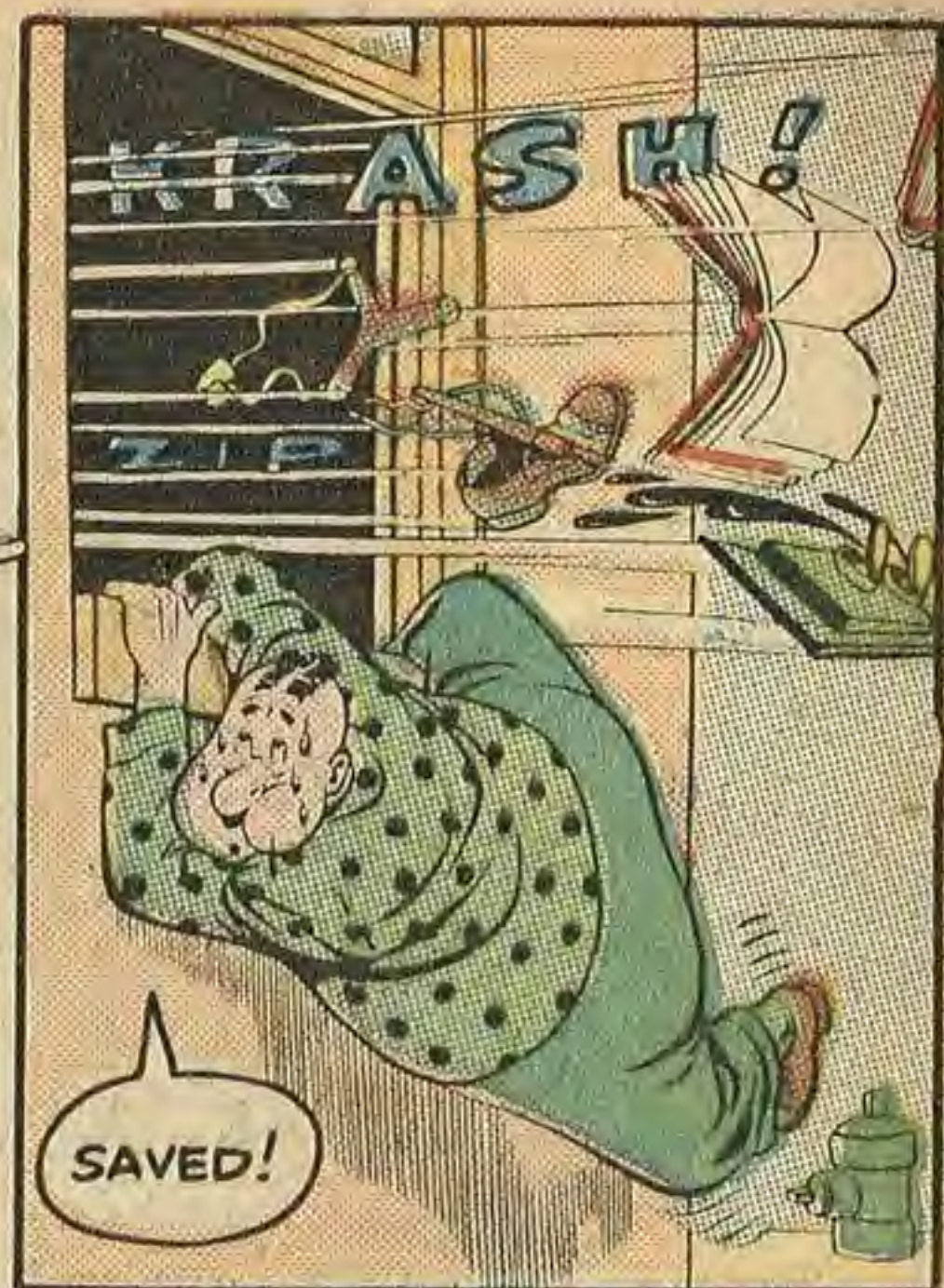
GAG MAN,
YOU AREN'T
KIDDING!

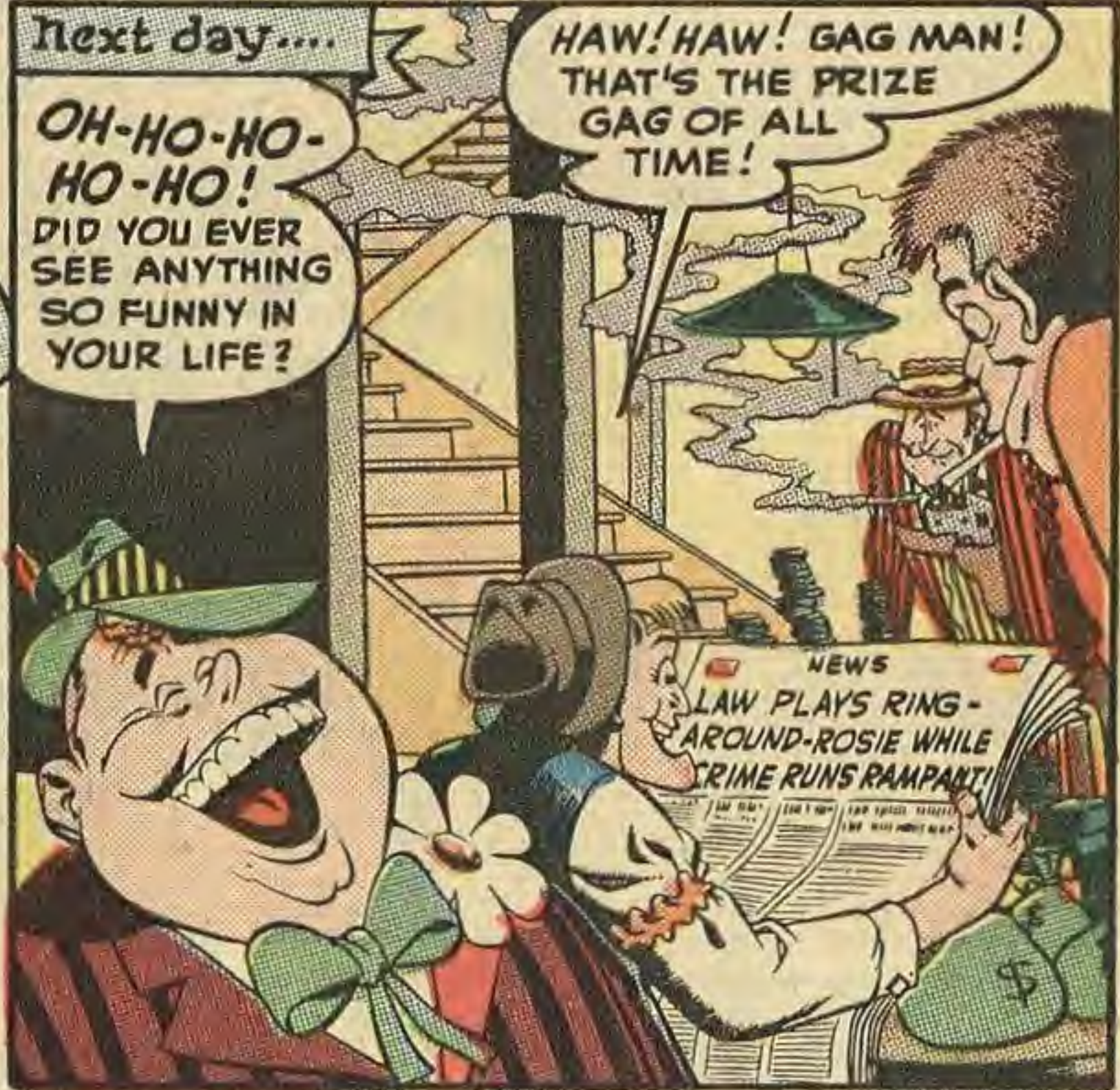
It wasn't that PLASTIC MAN lacked a sense of humor! It was just that the Gag Man's peculiar style of comedy usually ended up with corpses and empty cash boxes strewn around!





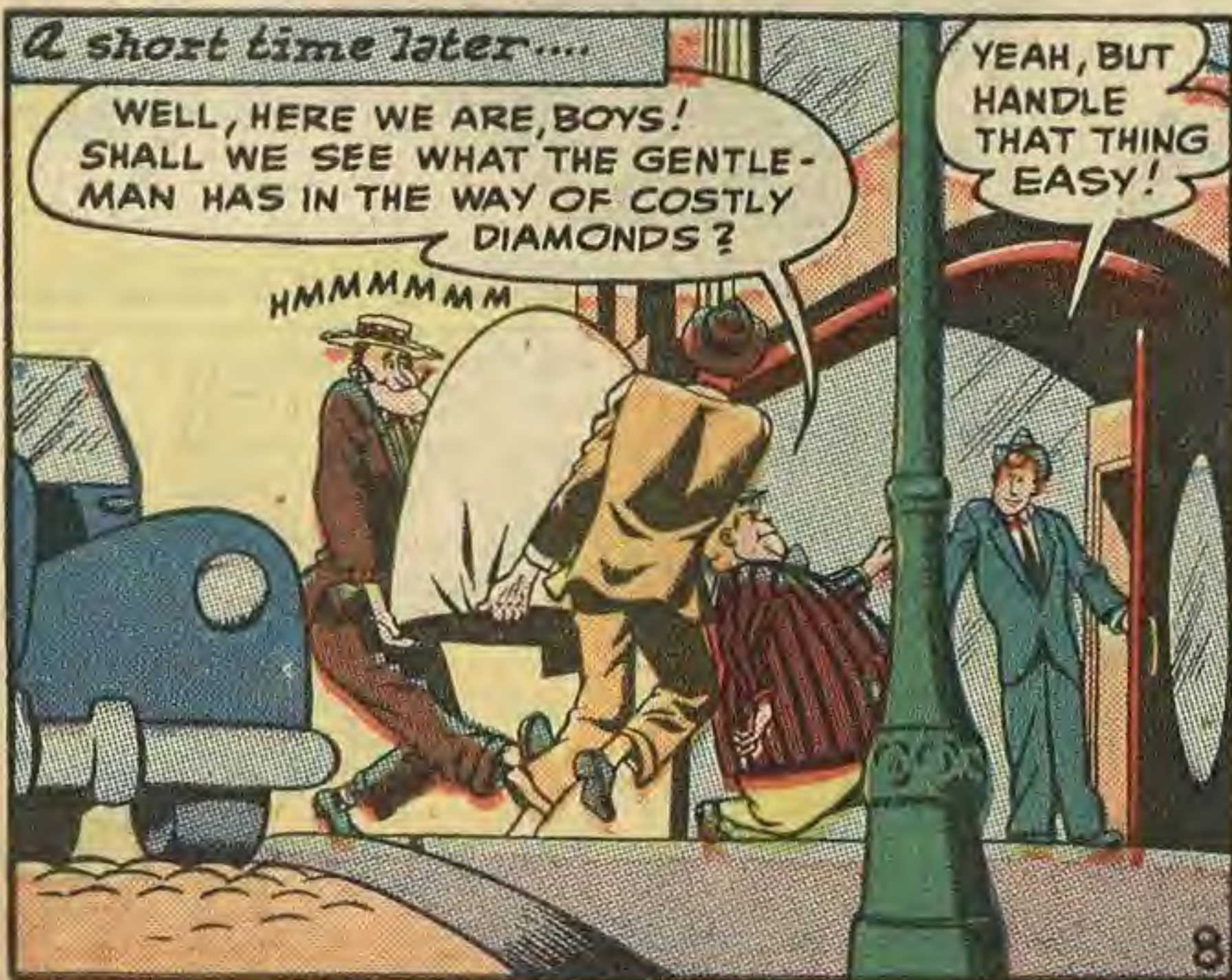


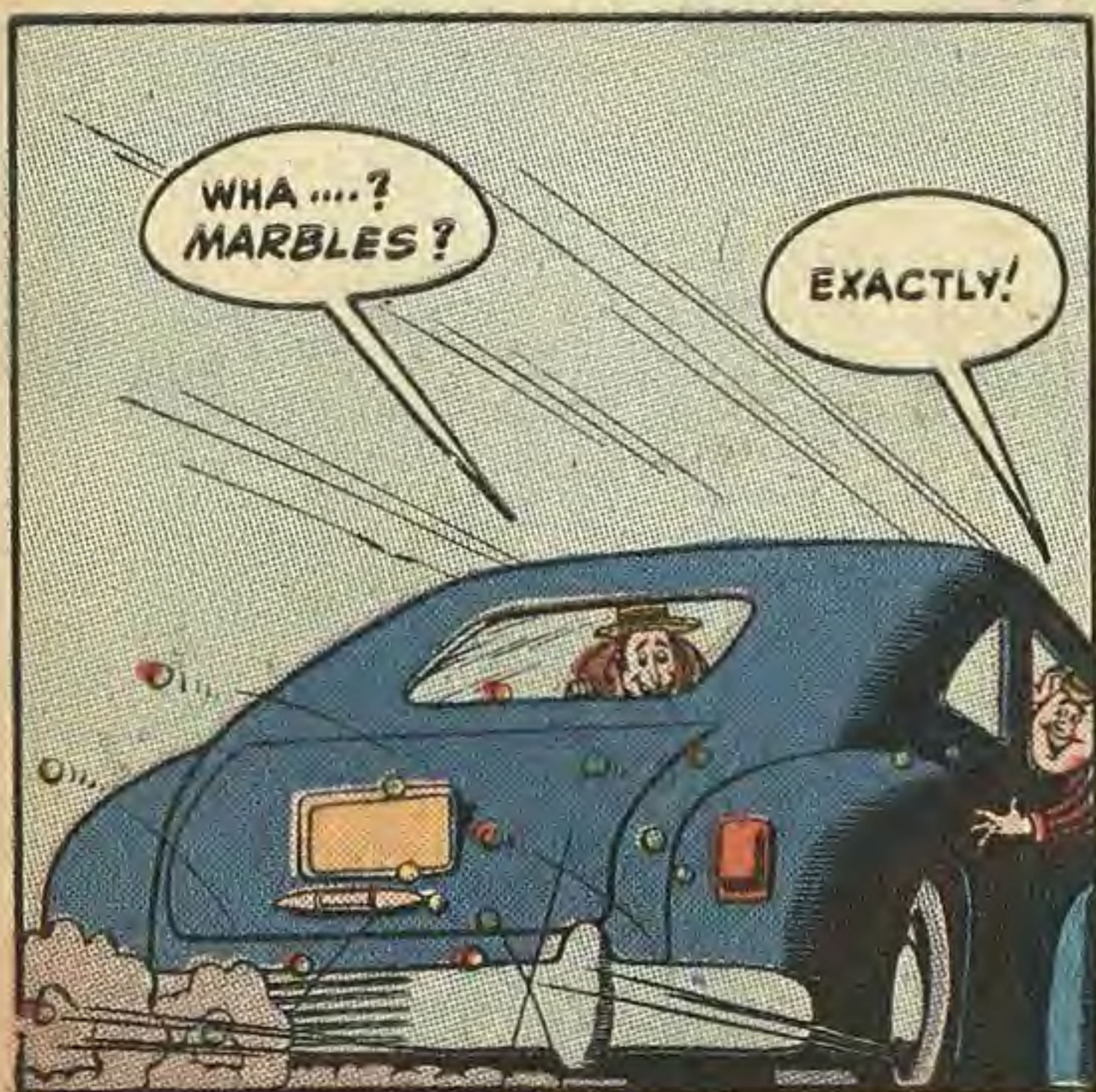












SEE?

A few minutes later....

AT THE SIGHT OF THE BEEHIVE, YOU WENT INTO A PANIC AND FLED! RIGHT?

THE GAG MAN WAS HERE

Y-YES!

HEY, PLAS!

THERE WEREN'T EVEN ANY BEES IN THE HIVE! JUST A LITTLE BUZZER TO **SOUND** LIKE BEES HUMMING!

WOOZY, I THINK THE GAG MAN HAS FINALLY MADE HIS FATAL SLIP!

HUMMM!

WHY DID YOU BECOME SO FRIGHTENED YOU COULDN'T EVEN YELL FOR POLICE AID?

ULP! IT'S THIS WAY, PLASTIC MAN...

YOU SEE, I'M ALLERGIC TO BEE STINGS! EVEN ONE STING MIGHT KILL ME! IT'S A RARE CONDITION!

NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE!

WHO KNEW OF THIS ALLERGY BESIDES YOURSELF?

NOBODY BUT MY DOCTOR! HE SAID HE HAD ONE OTHER PATIENT WITH THE SAME CONDITION BUT DIDN'T MENTION HIS NAME!

OUCH! I DON'T GET THIS, PLAS! WHY DIDN'T THE GAG MAN USE **REAL** BEES?

OBVIOUSLY BECAUSE HE, TOO, MIGHT BE STUNG... AND THAT'S OUR FIRST CLUE!

YOU MEAN HE'S THE OTHER GUY WHO MIGHT DIE FROM IT?

COULD BE! THAT'S HOW HE'D KNOW THE EFFECT OF AN EMPTY HIVE ON THAT CLERK... BY LEARNING IT FROM THE DOCTOR!



A short time later...

IT'S SAM!
LEMMIE IN!

KNOCK
KNOCK

WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING
HERE? I
THOUGHT
I LEFT YOU
TO WATCH
DOC IN CASE
PLASTIC MAN
GOT SMART
AND FIGURED
THINGS
OUT!

YOU DID,
GAG MAN!
AND I GOTTA
HAND IT
TO YOU,
YOU SURE
COVER
THE
ANGLES!

HOWEVER, THE
UNDERTAKER'S
GONNA WATCH
DOC UNTIL THE
FUNERAL, SO I
FIGURED I'D
COME ON
BACK HERE!

YOU MEAN PLASTIC
MAN CAME AND
YOU SHOT DOC
BEFORE HE
COULD TALK?

THAT'S RICH! HA-HA-
HO-HO! I'D HAVE
GIVEN ANYTHING
TO SEE PLASTIC MAN'S
FACE WHEN IT
HAPPENED!

HAW-HAW!
ME, TOO!
HOW DID HE
LOOK,
SAMMY?

LIKE
THIS!

YEEEA

'SMATTER?
DID I SCARE
YUH?

D-DON'T EVER DO THAT AGAIN,
SAM! I COULD ALMOST HAVE
SWORN YOU WERE
PLASTIC MAN FOR A
MOMENT!

WELL, WITH THAT DANGER REMOVED, LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS! WE NEED TO WORK OUT A NEW GAG FOR A QUICK PROFIT!



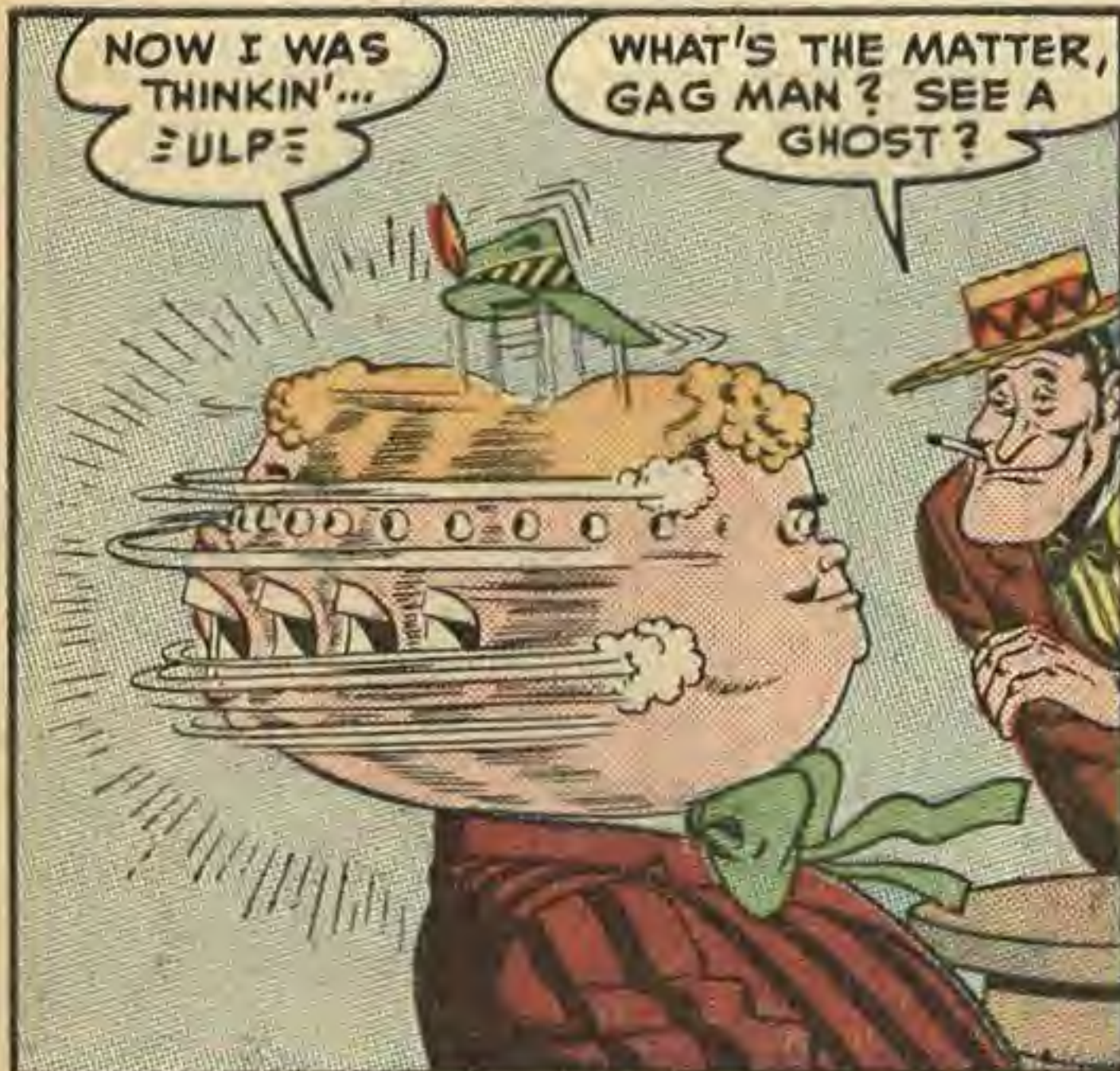
SAM, PULL DOWN THAT SHADE SO NOBODY CAN LOOK IN ON US!

SURE, GAG MAN!



NOW I WAS THINKIN'...
EULP!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, GAG MAN? SEE A GHOST?



N-NO! I GUESS I'M JUST JUMPY TODAY! I COULD HAVE SWORN SOMETHING FUNNY HAPPENED JUST THEN, BUT I CAN'T FIGURE WHAT IT WAS!

YOUR IMAGINATION'S PULLING GAGS ON YUH, G.M.!



**NO,
IT'S NOT!**



YOU NEVER CALLED ME G.M. BEFORE...AND YOU DIDN'T GET UP WHEN YOU PULLED DOWN THAT SHADE!

I WAS TIRED!

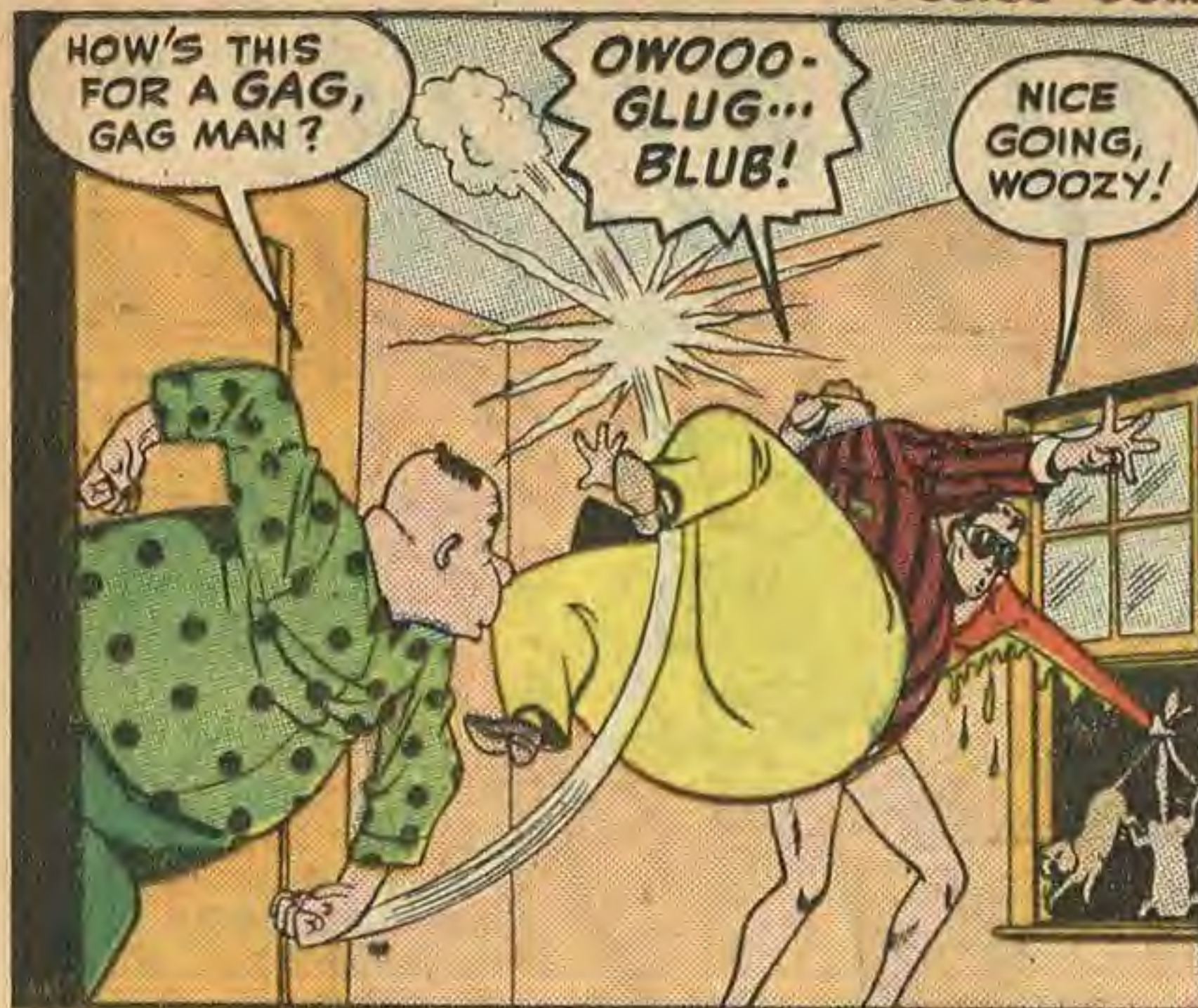


YOU AREN'T SAM...YOU'RE PLASTIC MAN!

DO TELL!







NICE GOING, WOODY!



I'LL NEED YOUR HELP, WOODY!



HONEYBUN

HONEYBUN,
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
DOWN
THERE?

BAM!

BANG!

JUST GIVING
THE PLACE A
NICE HOMEY
LOOK FOR UNCLE
PHILBERT'S
VISIT!



TRY TO GET HOME EARLY THIS
EVENING, HONEYBUN! MOTHER
WANTS US TO COME OVER!
UNCLE PHILBERT'S GOING TO
BE THERE AND SHE WANTS
HIM TO MEET THE
FAMILY!

UNCLE
PHILBERT?

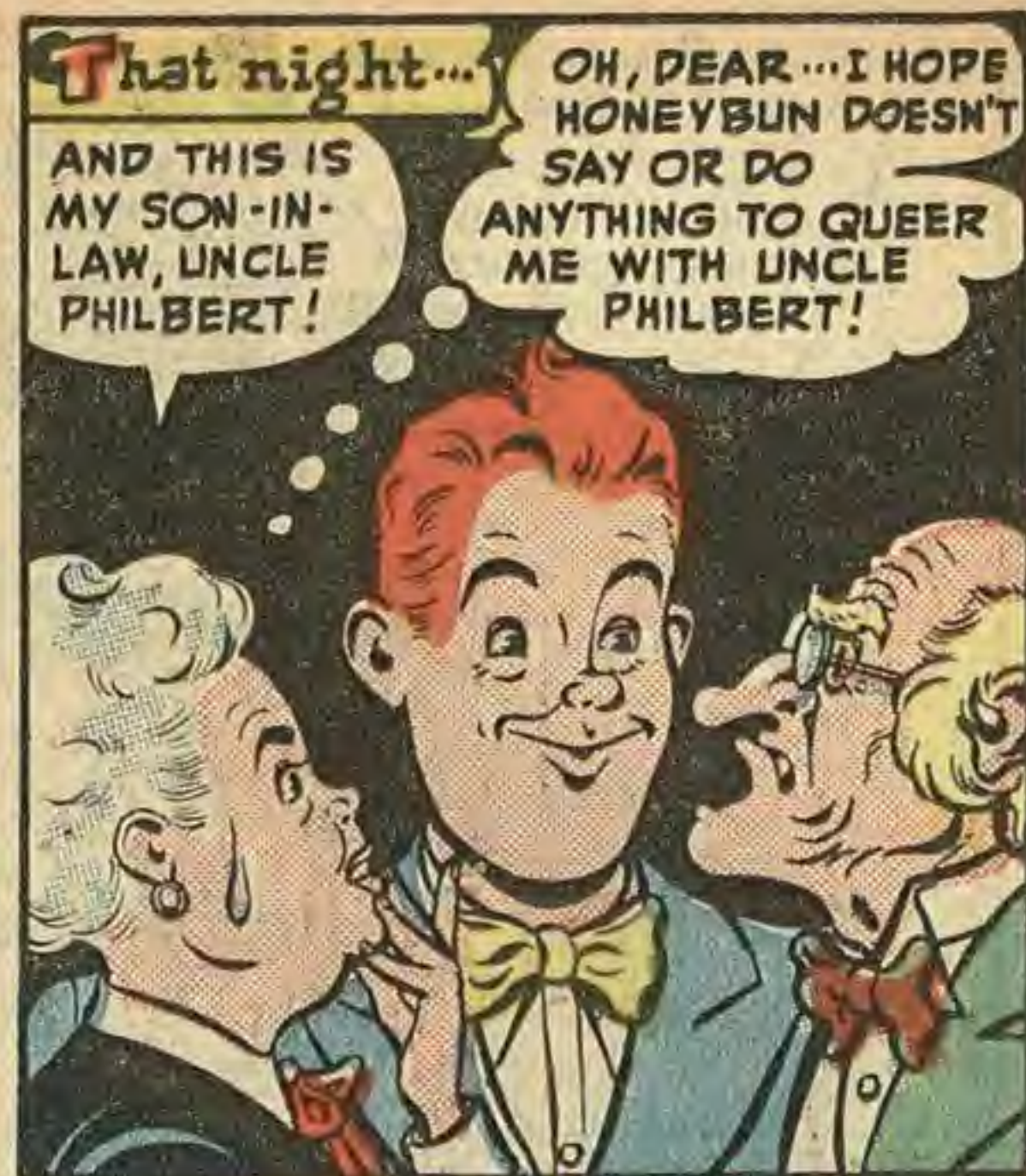
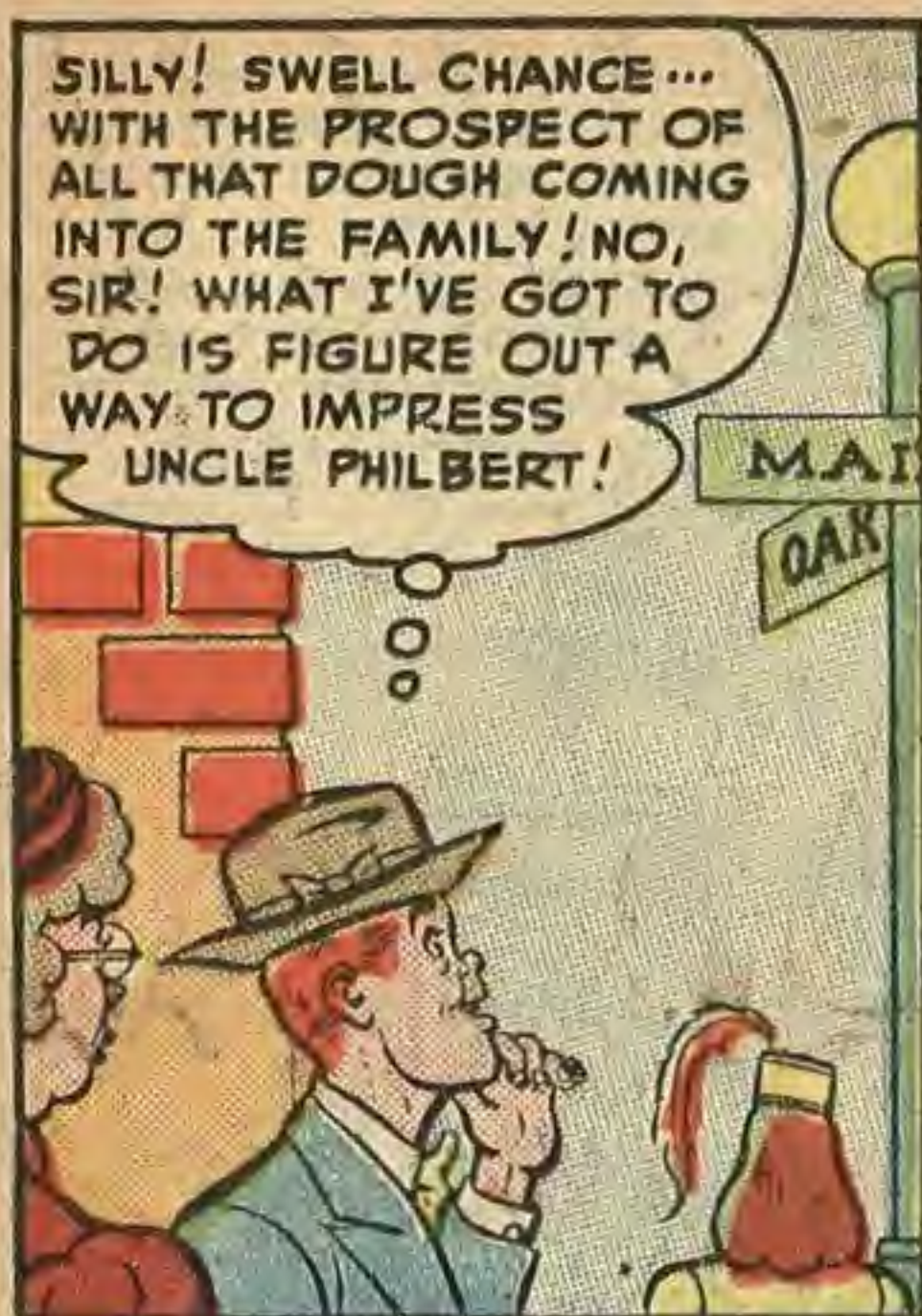
YES, HE'S MOTHER'S UNCLE! HE'S
VERY OLD AND VERY RICH! HE
MADE A FORTUNE IN MINING IN
SOUTH AFRICA! MOTHER HASN'T
SEEN HIM IN YEARS AND SHE'S
SURE HE'S VISITING HER TO
DECIDE WHETHER OR NOT TO
INCLUDE HER IN HIS WILL!

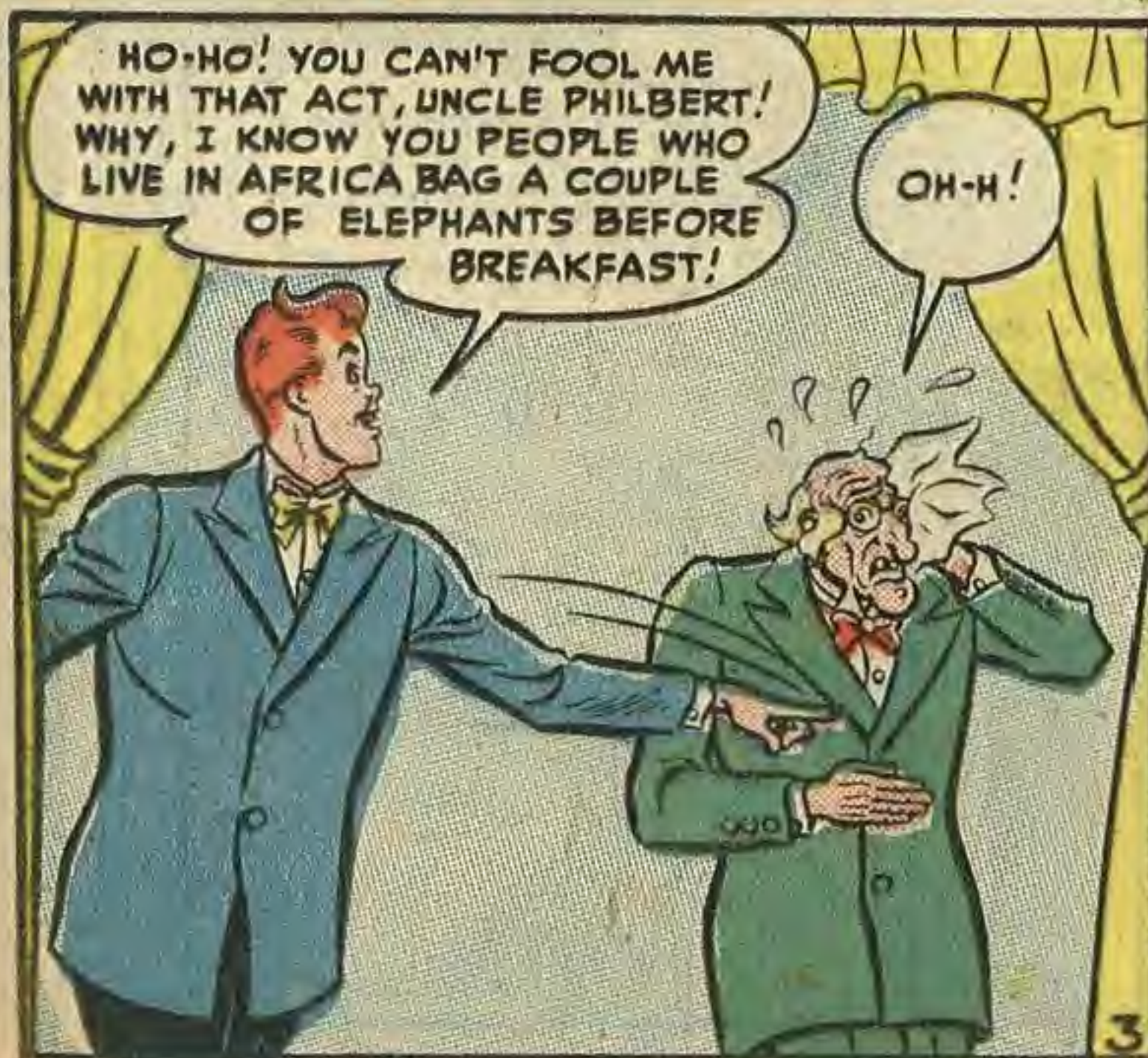
RICH,
EH?
GOSH!

WELL... WELL...
WE'LL CERTAINLY
HAVE TO MAKE A
GOOD IMPRESSION
ON HIM! SO LONG,
MIGGS!

AND PLEASE
DON'T DO
ANYTHING
SILLY TONIGHT,
HONEYBUN!
SMACK!

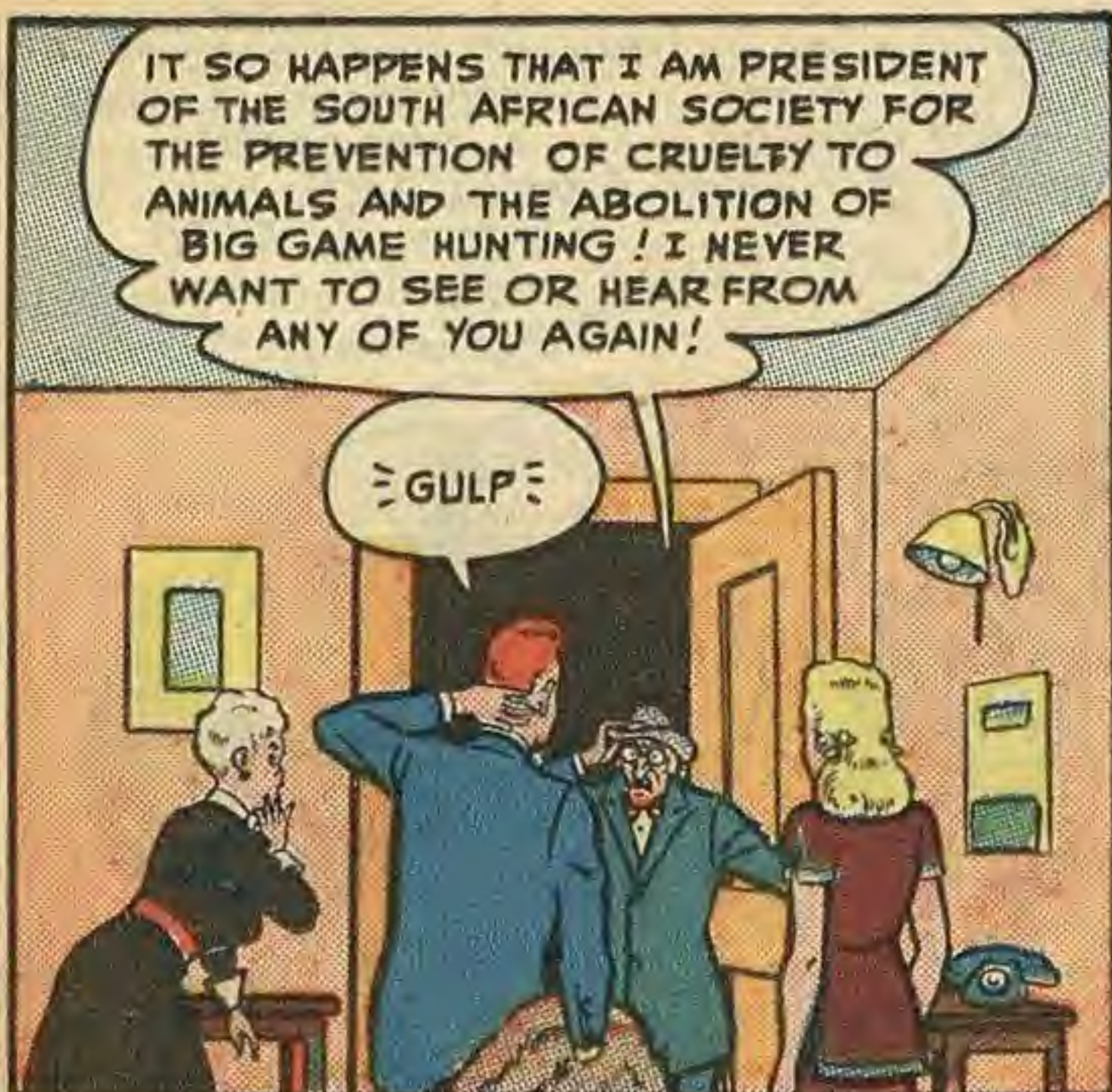
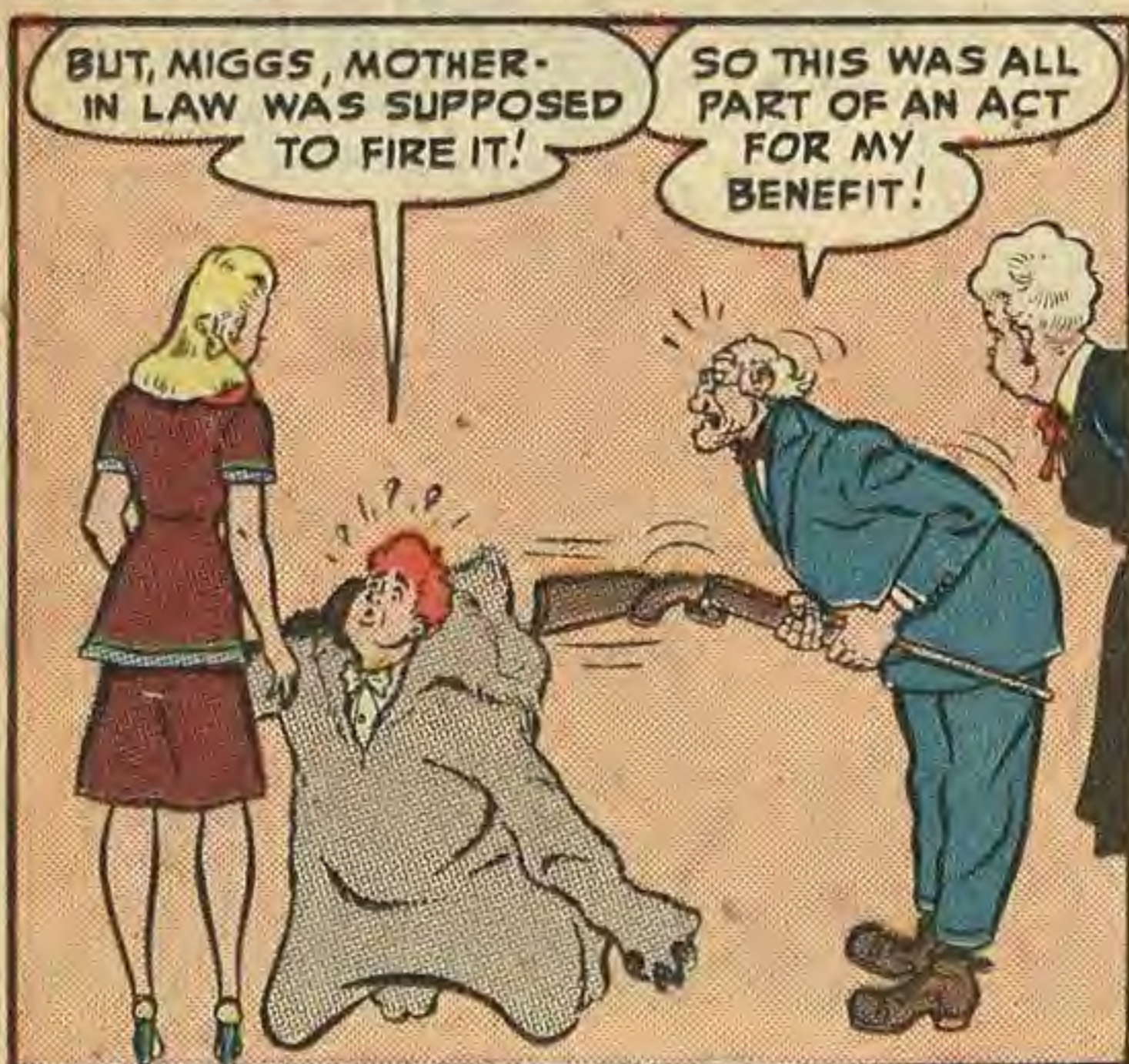












FLATFOOT BURNS



At Police Headquarters...

THIS IS INDEED A STRANGE CASE, CHIEF! WILFRED MEEK IS THE KINDEST AND **MOST CONSIDERATE** BANK CLERK I EVER MET! WHY, I REMEMBER ONE SPECIFIC OCCASION... IT WAS LAST SATURDAY...

YES?



"I WAS STANDING IN FRONT OF WILFRED'S WINDOW, WHEN MY DEPOSIT SLIP SUDDENLY BLEW AWAY ..."

OH, MR. BURNS! DON'T EVEN MOVE! I'LL GET IT FOR YOU!



"JUST IMAGINE, CHIEF! HE RAN OUT OF HIS BOOTH AND RETRIEVED IT! WASN'T THAT **NICE** OF HIM?"

THANKS, WILFRED!

IT'S A PLEASURE, MR. BURNS!



HOW COULD A MAN LIKE THAT TURN INTO AN ORDINARY, COMMON VARIETY OF CROOK?

YOU SAY THAT THIS INCIDENT OCCURRED **LAST SATURDAY**? HM-M-M! WASN'T THAT ABOUT THE TIME YOU WERE **MISSING YOUR WALLET**?



YES... ER... WHY, HOW CAN YOU ACCUSE WILFRED? HE JUST ISN'T THE TYPE, CHIEF! IT...IT'S JUST A **COINCIDENCE!**

MEBBE SO, FLATFOOT! BUT THE MISSING MILLION BUCKS IS NO ACCIDENT! IT SOUNDS TO ME LIKE MEEK IS A **VICIOUS CRIMINAL** AND MUST BE GIVEN THE **MAXIMUM JAIL SENTENCE!**



BUT, CHIEF, MR. MEEK IS **NO THIEF**, I'M SURE!



A short while later...

WILFRED MEEK? YES, MR. BURNS, HE GAVE UP HIS ROOM LAST NIGHT! HE WAS **SO NICE** ABOUT IT THAT HE PAID A **WEEK'S RENT** IN **ADVANCE!**

I'M GLAD TO HEAR THAT, MRS. CULLEN! YOU DON'T THINK HE'D BE THE KIND OF MAN WHO'D **STEAL** MONEY, DO YOU?

CULLEN'S BOARDING HOUSE

NO! NOT MR. MEEK! WHY, ONLY LAST WEEK, I WAS HANGING THE WASH IN THE BACK YARD WHEN MR. MEEK CAME ALONG AND...

"...AND HELPED ME CARRY THE LAUNDRY BASKET INTO THE KITCHEN"....

WHERE SHALL I PUT IT, MA'M?

OH, OVER HERE, UNDER THE KITCHEN WINDOW!

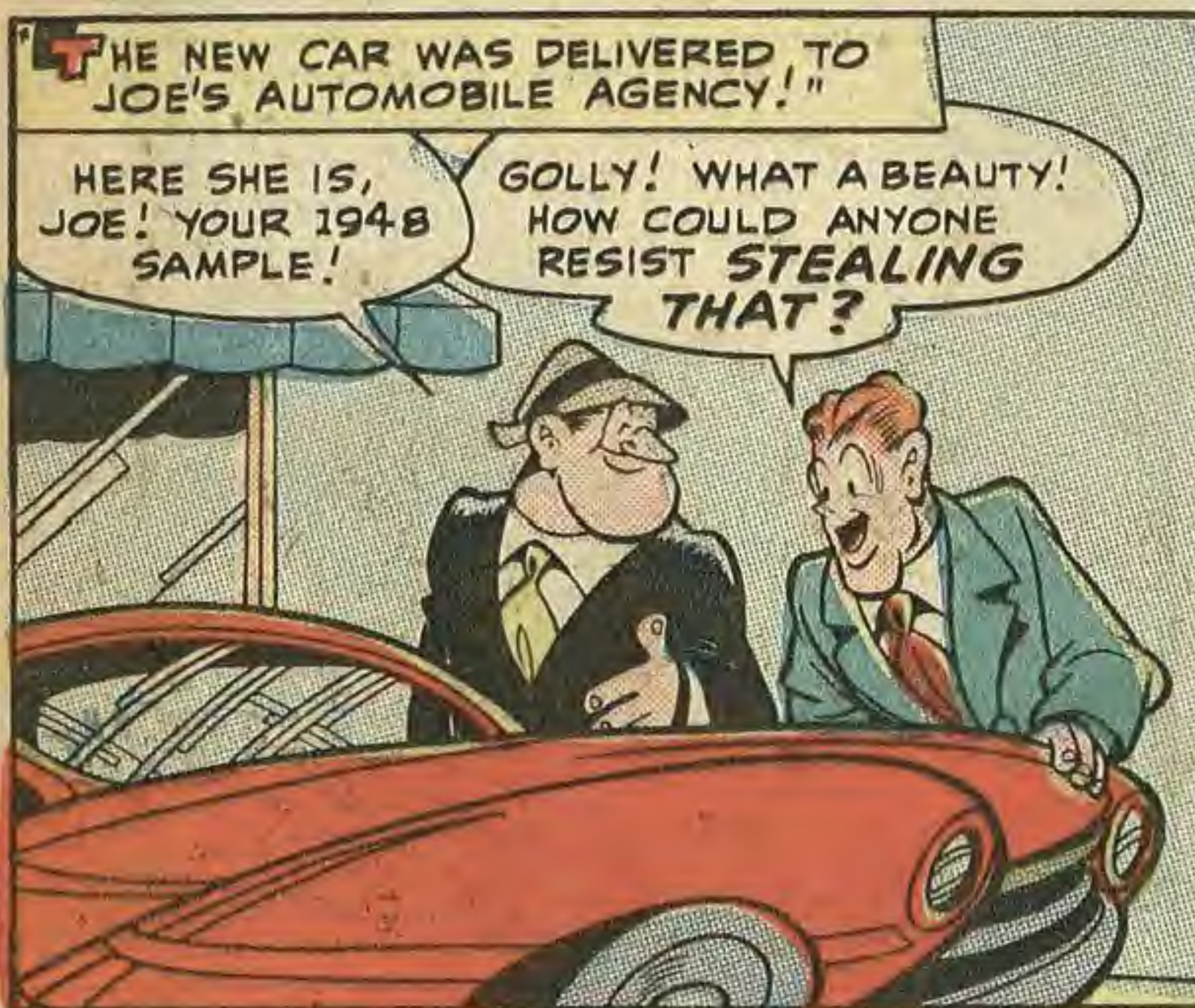
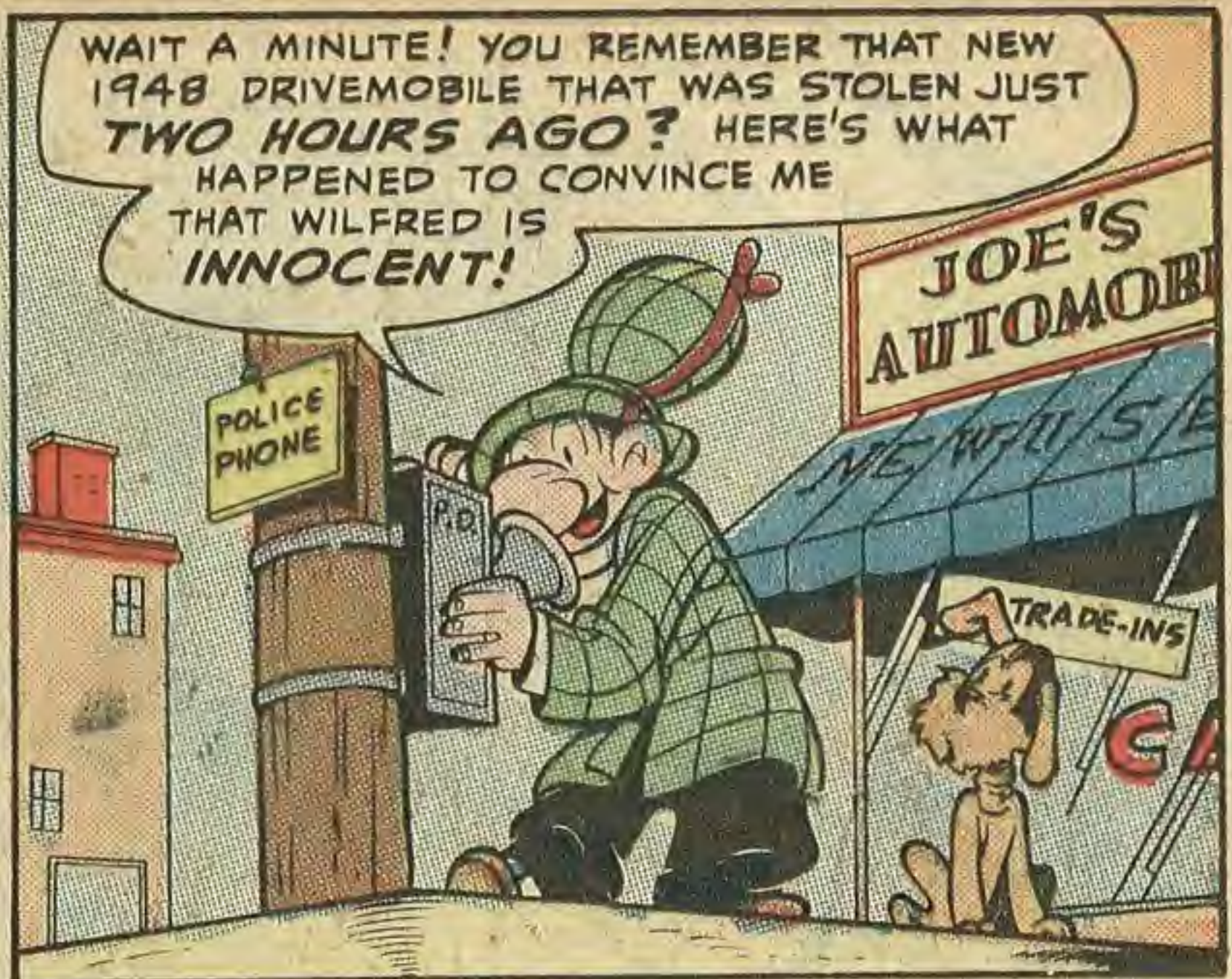
THANK YOU! COULD I GET YOU SOMETHING TO EAT?

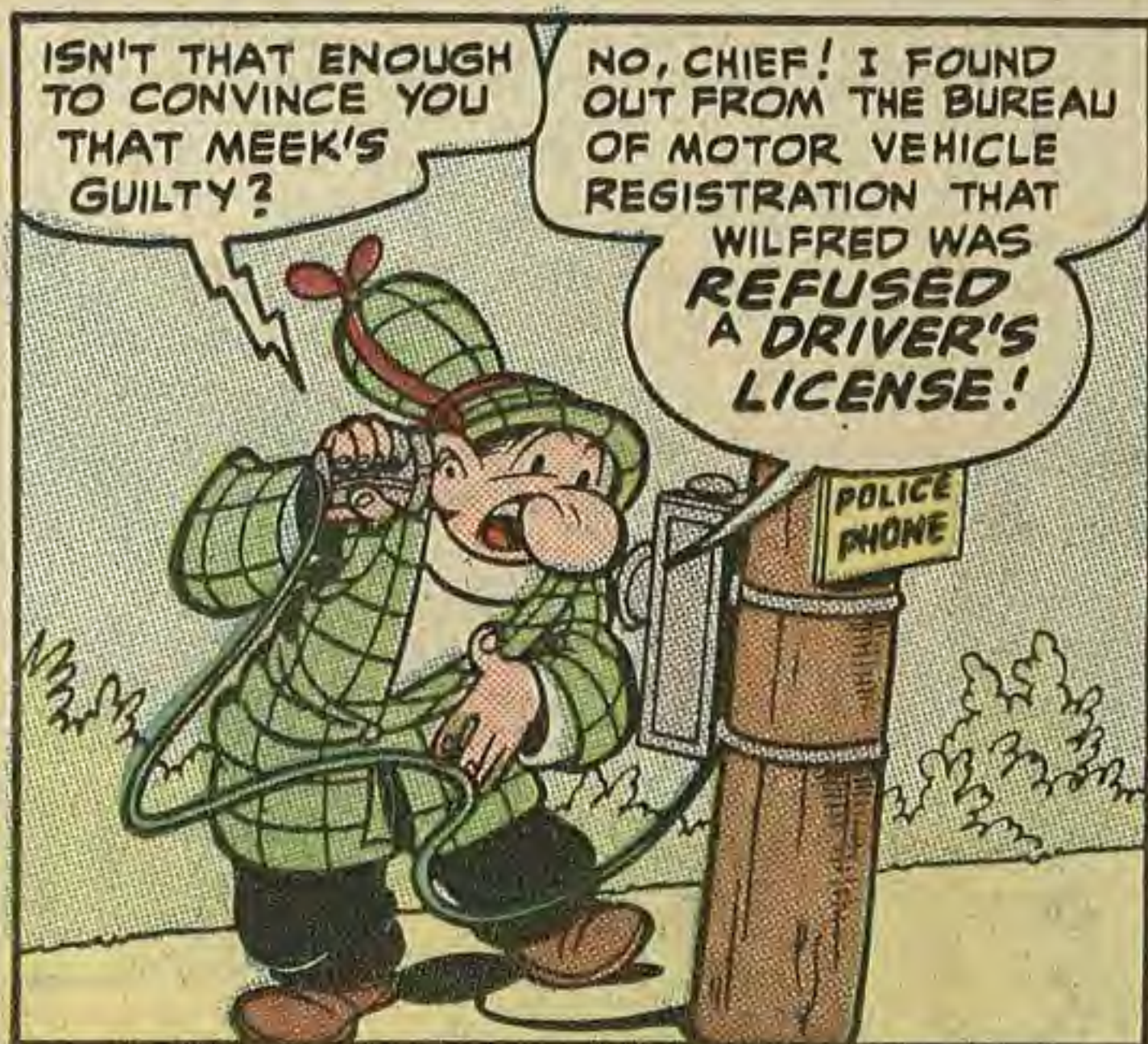
DON'T BOTHER, MRS. CULLEN! I'VE ALREADY TAKEN LUNCH!

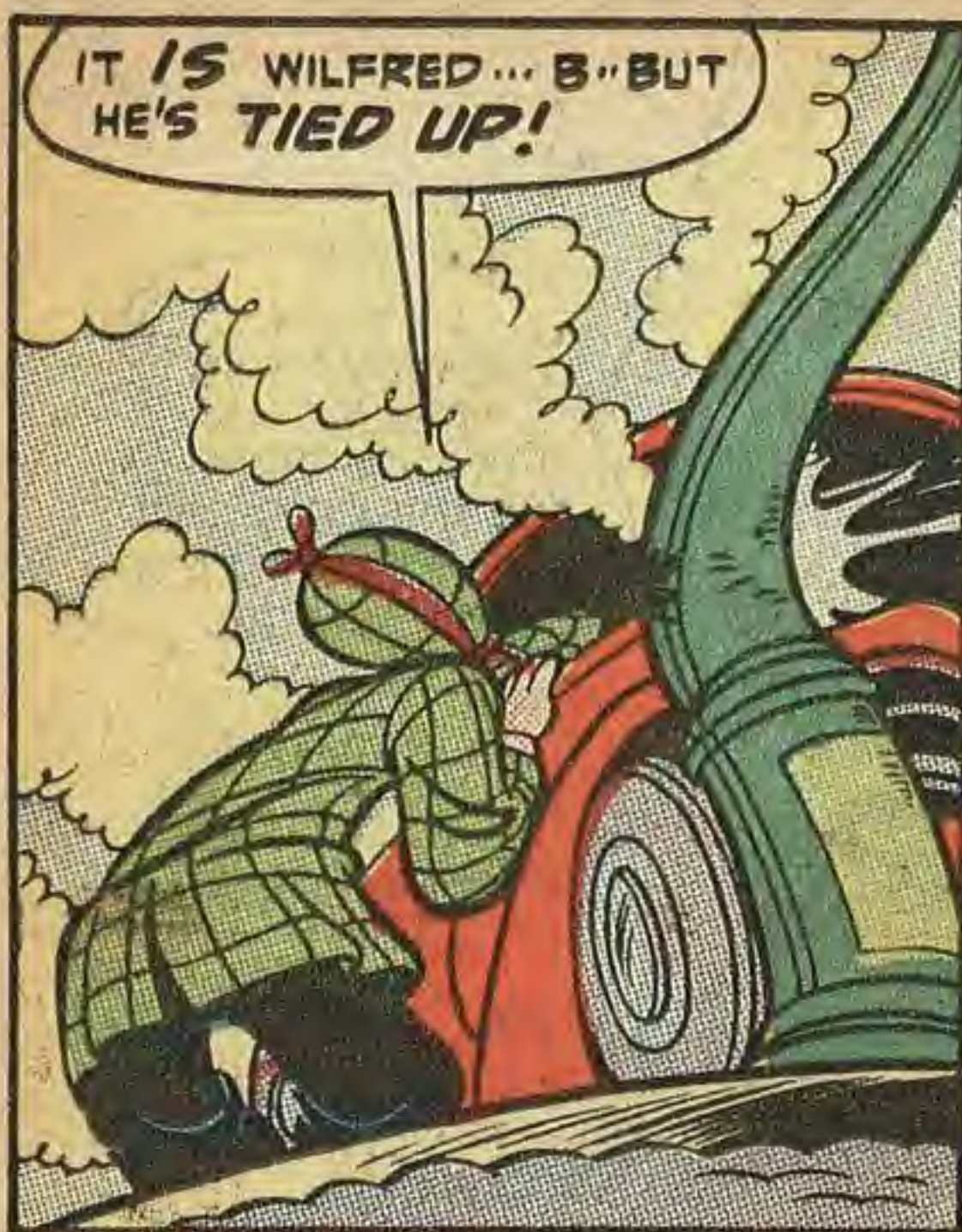
HMF! HE PUT THE WASH UNDER THE KITCHEN WINDOW, HUH? YOU CALLED THE POLICE LAST WEEK AND INFORMED US OF THE THEFT OF A **FRESHLY BAKED PIE** FROM THAT SAME WINDOW, DIDN'T YOU?

Y-YES, THAT'S **RIGHT!**

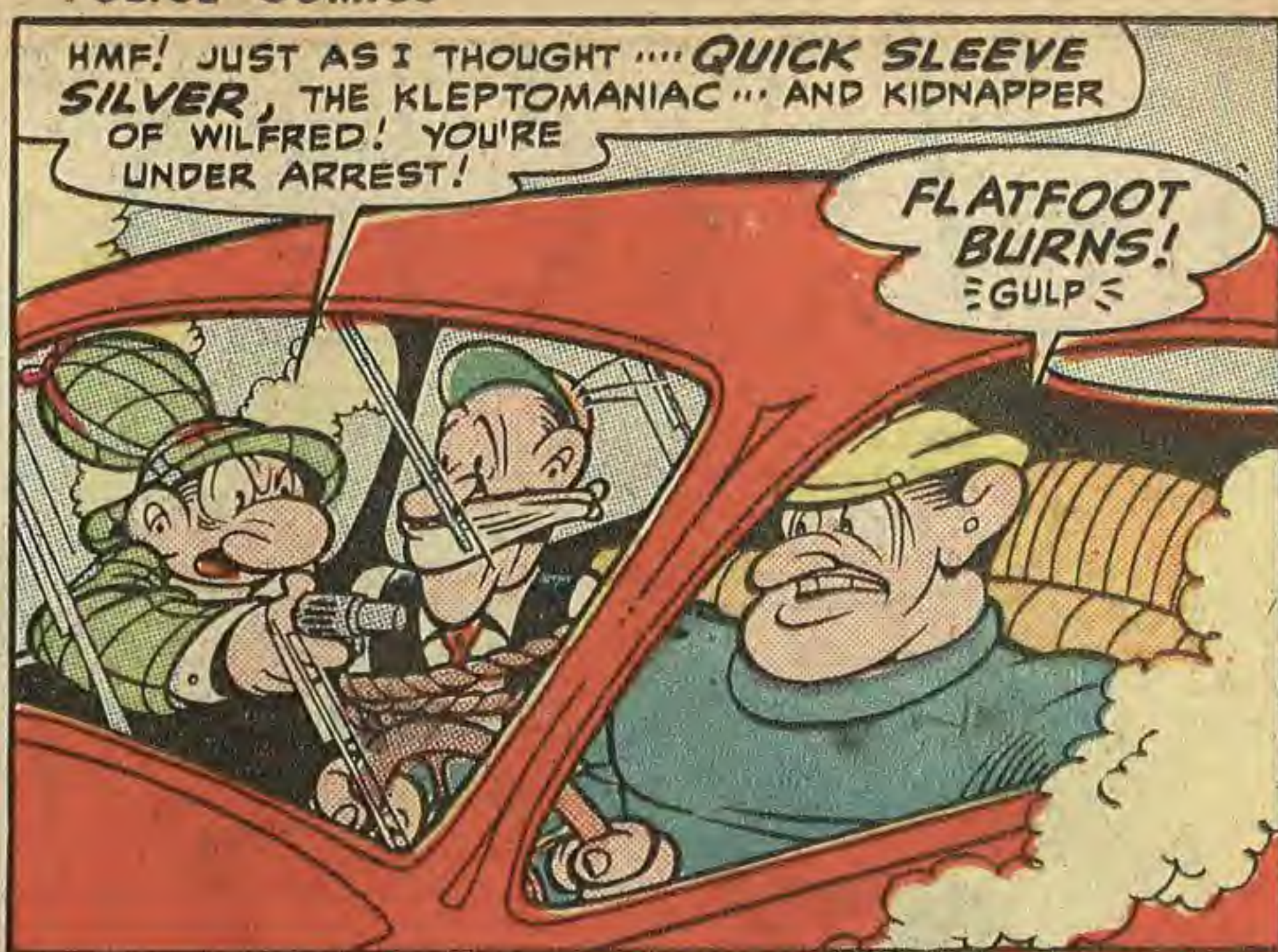
HMM-M! IT LOOKS **BAD** FOR MEEK... **VERY BAD!**







IT *IS* WILFRED... B" BUT HE'S **TIED UP!**



HMF! JUST AS I THOUGHT ... **QUICK SLEEVE SILVER**, THE KLEPTOMANIAC ... AND KIDNAPPER OF WILFRED! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

FLATFOOT BURNS!
GULP



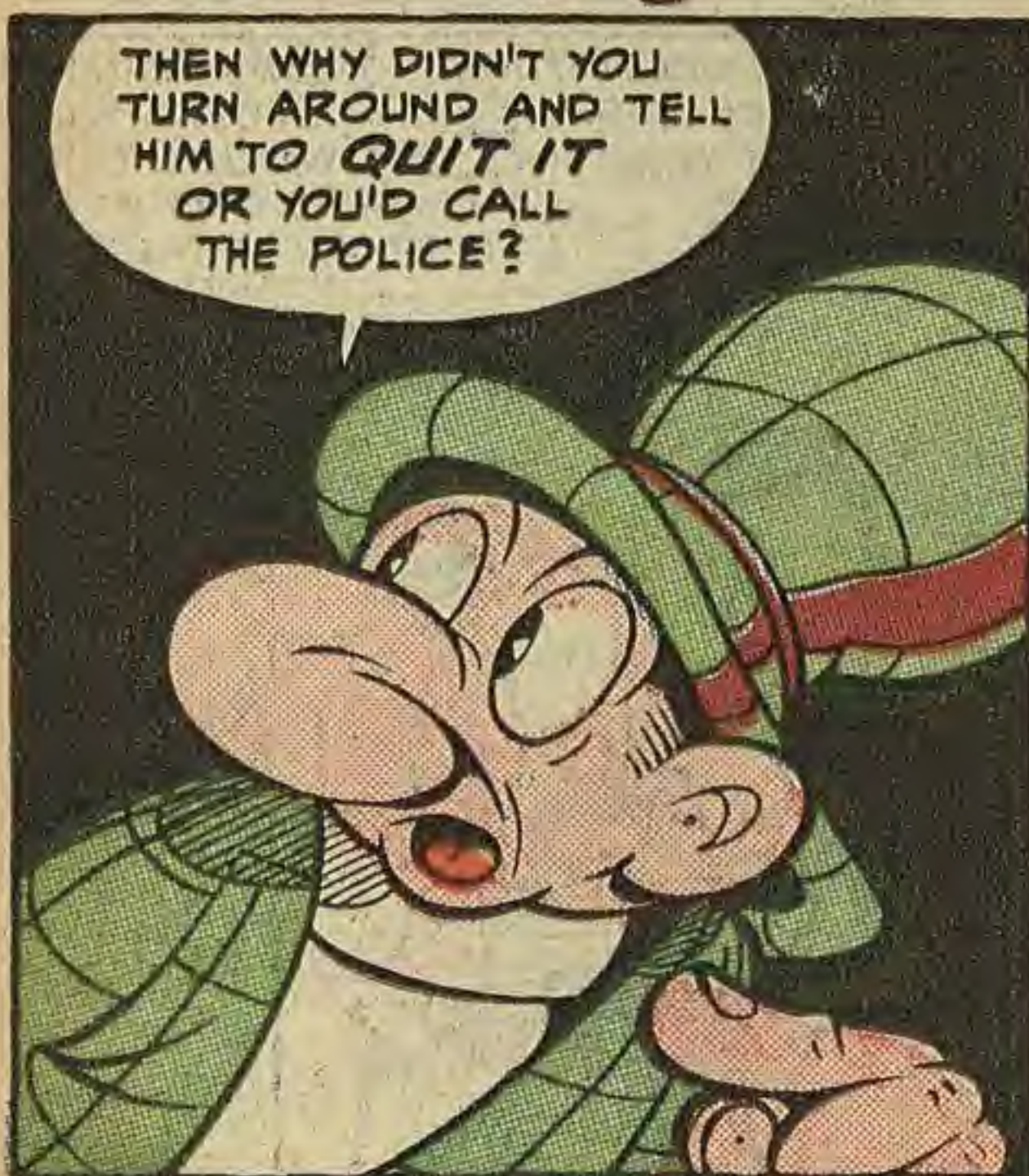
At Police Headquarters ...

THE CASE IS SOLVED, CHIEF! WILFRED HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH ALL THOSE CRIMES! WHY, HE'S **SO MEEK HE WOULDN'T HURT A FLY!**



QUICK SLEEVE SILVER WAS TAKING ADVANTAGE OF WILFRED'S **GOOD NATURE** BY FOLLOWING HIM AND STEALING EVERYTHING ... THUS MAKING IT SEEM AS THOUGH **WILFRED WAS RESPONSIBLE!**

THAT'S RIGHT, MR. BURNS! I NOTICED HE WAS ALWAYS **BEHIND ME!**



THEN WHY DIDN'T YOU TURN AROUND AND TELL HIM TO **QUIT IT** OR YOU'D CALL THE POLICE?



I COULDN'T DO THAT, FLATFOOT! ONE **SHOULDN'T TALK** TO **STRANGERS** WITHOUT A **PROPER INTRODUCTION!**

!!?

CANDY

GOSH, TINA,
WOULD YOU CALL
YOUR CONTRIBUTION
OLD AMERICAN
ARCHITECTURE?

NATCH,
CANDY! THIS
TEPEE IS
STRICTY REDSKIN,
AND THERE'S NO
EARLIER AMERICAN
THAN THE
INDIAN!

American
Homes
Exhibit

GOOD GRIEF,
TINA, WHAT'S
COOKING?
DON'T TELL ME
YOU'RE DROOLING
WITH SCHOOLING
TO KNOCK OFF
TOP HONORS!

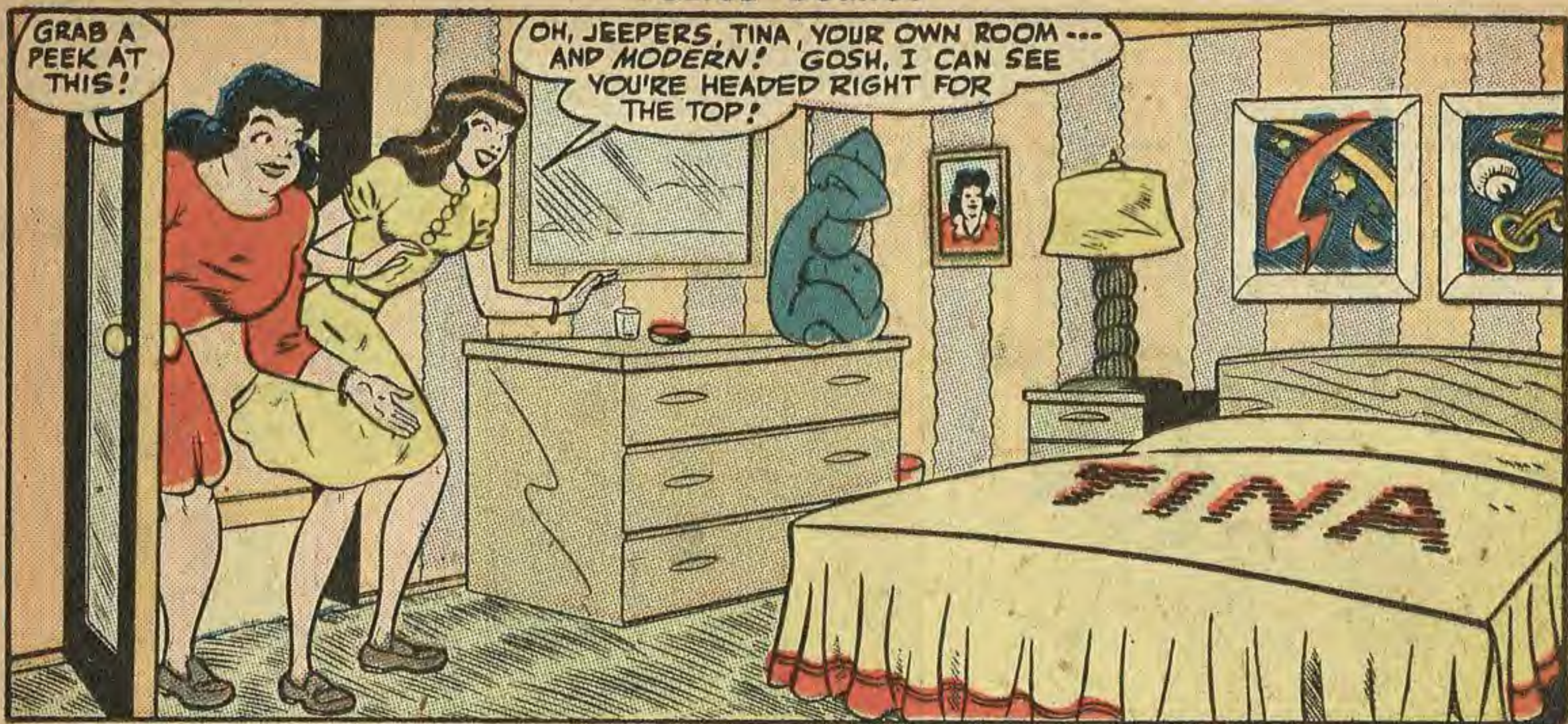
OF COURSE NOT, CANDY!
DON'T BE "REDIC!" I'M
STUDYING INTERIOR
DECORATING! IT'S
REALLY THRILLING!

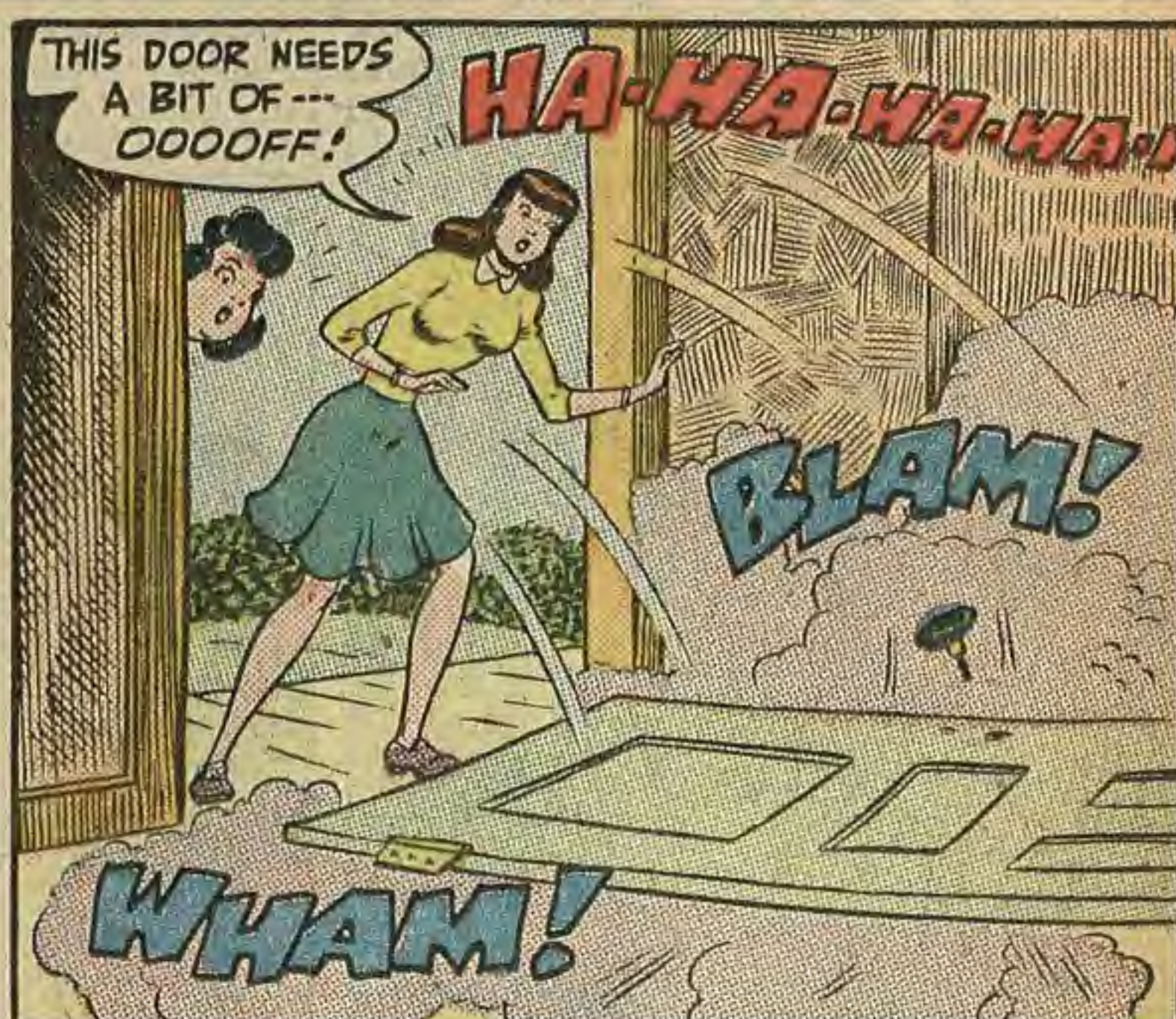
The
Model
Home

HOUSES

INTERIOR DECORATING?
THAT SOUNDS JUST
DUCKY, BUT WHAT
DO YOU HAVE
TO PRACTICE
ON?

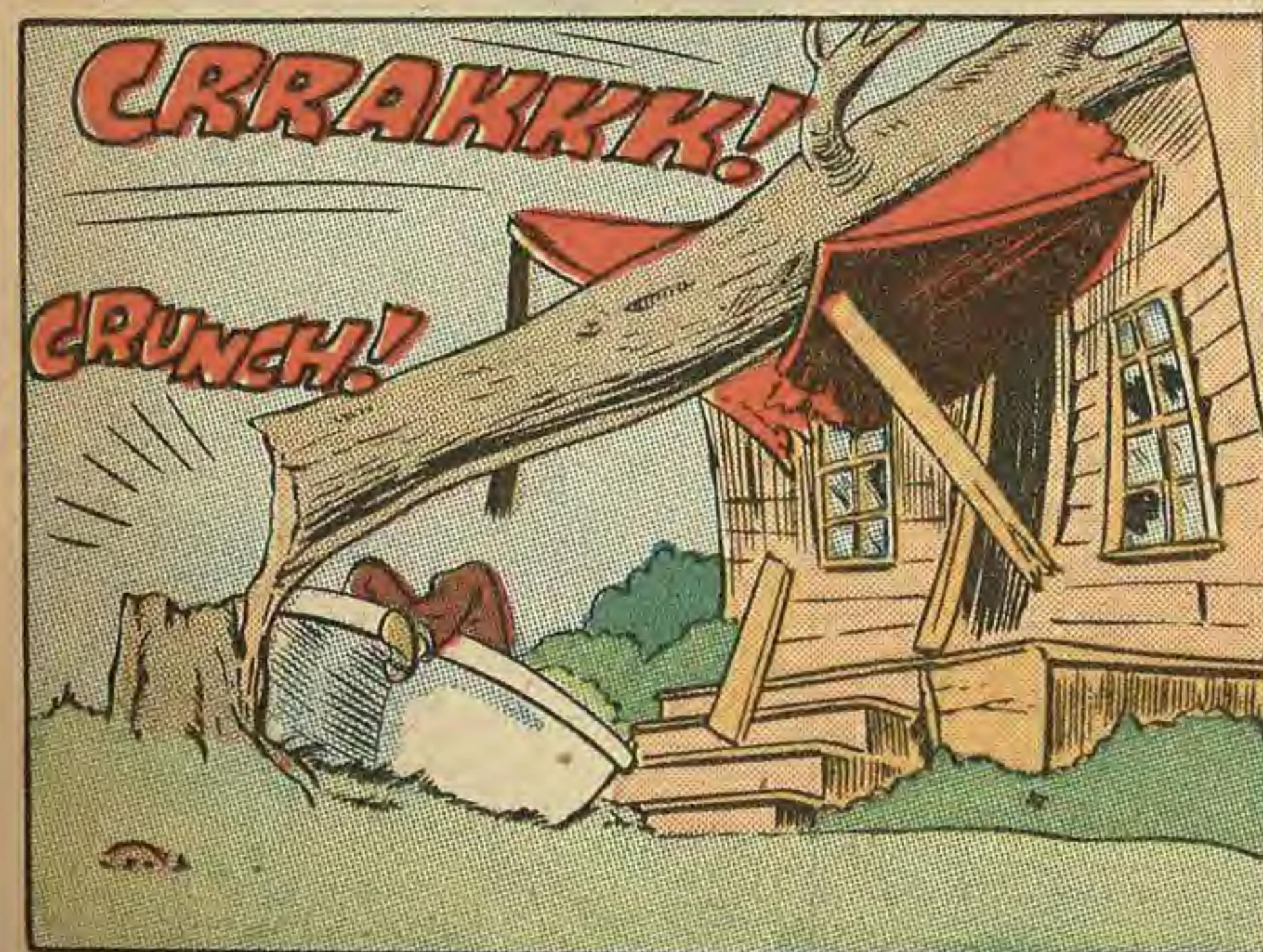
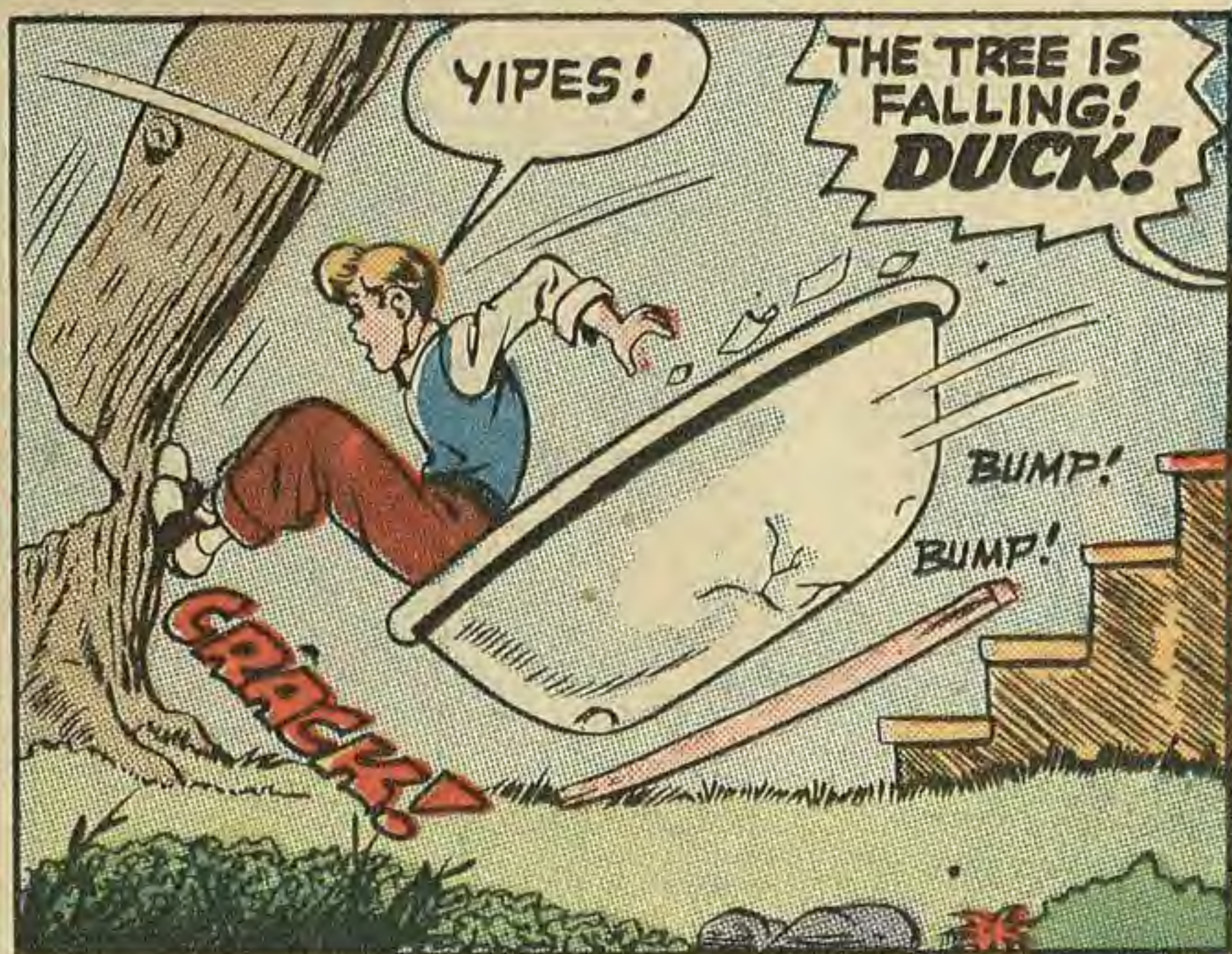
JUST POINT
YOUR COMPASS
THIS WAY AND TREK
ON IN! STAND BY
TO BEHOLD A SUPER
CREATION!













The SPORT



I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE GOOD SPORTSMANSHIP TO HAVE A LITTLE PARTY TOGETHER -- THOUGH BOTH RONNY AND JEFF ARE TRYING TO CUT ME OUT WITH LORNA!

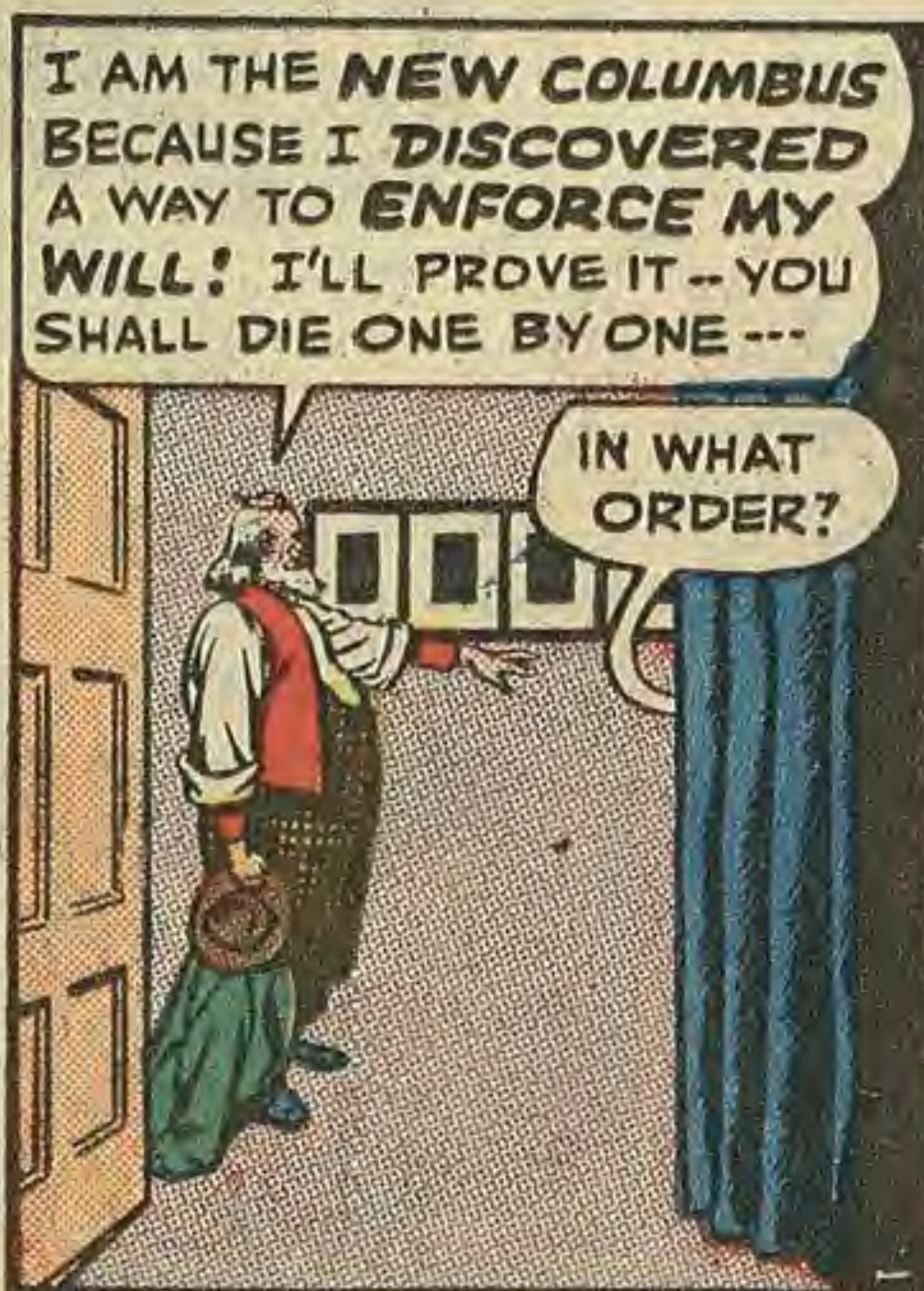
NOBODY'S CUTTING ANYBODY OUT! I DON'T INTEND TO MARRY ANY OF YOU!

WHO'S IN THE KITCHEN, DUFF? I HEAR DISHES RATTLING!

INTERESTING OLD TRAMP SHOWED UP AND I GAVE HIM SOME FOOD! CALLS HIMSELF THE NEW COLUMBUS!

WHO CALLED MY NAME? AM I TO COME INTO MY KINGDOM?









Back at Police Headquarters...

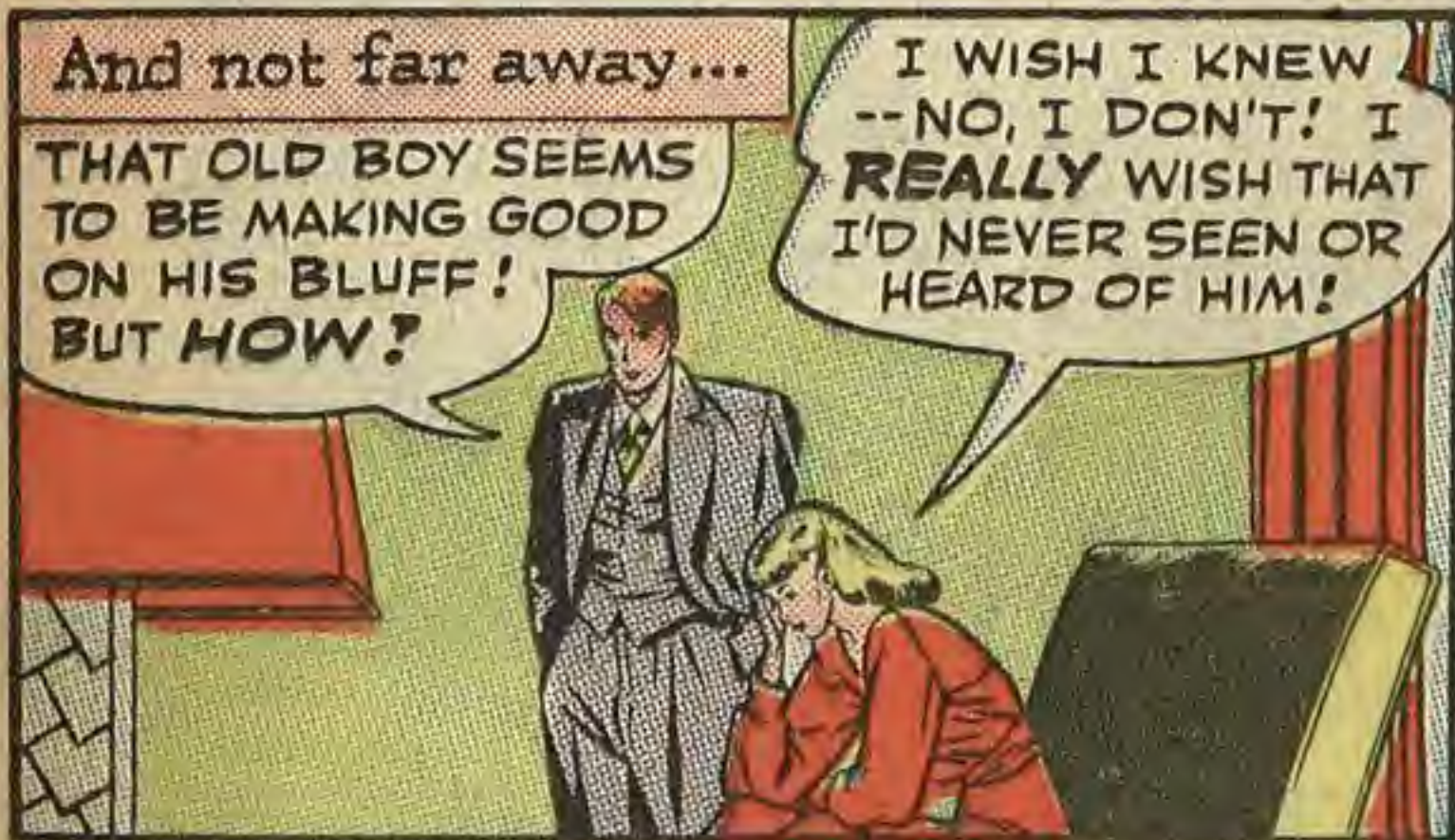
WHAT DID I TELL YOU?
ONE BY ONE
THEY DIE!



And not far away...

THAT OLD BOY SEEMS
TO BE MAKING GOOD
ON HIS BLUFF!
BUT HOW?

I WISH I KNEW
--NO, I DON'T! I
REALLY WISH THAT
I'D NEVER SEEN OR
HEARD OF HIM!



LORNA, I'LL
PROTECT YOU--
I'LL DIE FOR
YOUR SAKE---

WILL EVEN YOUR DEATH
PROTECT ME, JEFF? I
THINK THERE'S ONLY
**ONE WAY TO
SAVE US!**



RELEASE
THE NEW
COLUMBUS?
BUT ---

BUT YOU'RE
HOLDING HIM
ONLY ON A
TECHNICAL
VAGRANCY
CHARGE! HERE'S
A HABEAS CORPUS
TO GET HIM
OUT!



COME TO
SNEER AGAIN?
ONE EFFORT
OF MY WILL,
AND ---

NO, PLEASE!
YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND!
I CAME TO
GET YOU
OUT!



WHERE
ARE YOU
TAKING
ME?

TO MY HOME!
I WANT TO SAY--
I--I DON'T
LAUGH ANY
MORE!







The SOBBING GHOST

WAILING in the night . . . the death cries of a trapped beast, or a soul in torment . . . the babbling and lamentations of a maniac . . . horror . . . fear . . . mystery.

Regina Anton tossed in her bed, her straggly hair pushed around her face. She held her fingers to her ears to shut out the awful sounds—sounds, it was said, that existed only in her shattered mind.

She opened her staring eyes to gaze in horror at the shadow moving across the white wall. It was a misshapen thing, headless, its grotesque shoulders bowed under some invisible weight. She shrieked and then lay back panting, spent.

Night after night the stalking horror. The terrified crying of that baby. Her baby. Her baby that had died years before. Now it was back again, in the very room that had seen its birth.

Oh, where was her baby? Why did it cry in the night, when they said its small body rested out there in the family crypt?

What demon came to haunt her in the moonlight, striding across the big room, headless, bowed?

Regina sobbed into her pillow as the baby's cries wailed through the room.

And at last old Bekin came softly into the room with a glass of hot milk.

"Drink it, Regina," said the old woman. "Take it so you'll sleep."

"But my baby!" sobbed Regina. "I want my baby."

"Yes, yes, I know. But sleep first."

Regina, from long habit, took the draft and was soon sleeping. It was an opiate.

Old Bekin tiptoed out of the room, closed the door and tapped down the hall to the big room where Anatole Anton, Regina's invalid father, held forth.

"My poor Regina," he sighed, when old Bekin gave her daily report. "I'm afraid her mind is failing. Tell me how she is this afternoon, Bekin," he said, then lay back among his pillows.

Anatole Anton controlled a huge fortune, which had all been willed to his daughter Regina. What Anatole didn't know was that old Bekin, with the help of her clever brother, had got Regina to make a will of her own, giving Bekin everything.

For nearly five years, ever since Anatole had been tossed from his hunter and received the back injury, rendering him paralyzed, Bekin and her crooked brother had worked on Regina's mind, never strong.

For nearly five years, growing worse each day because of their manipulations, Regina steadily marched toward the madhouse—where they wanted her. Or better yet, death, when the fortune would be theirs. They knew that old Anatole had only a year at most to live.

Bekin went downstairs where her brother, Gus, was waiting in the drawing room. "Well?" he said when she entered the room.

The woman smiled grimly. "It's working faster now," she said. "It won't be long, Gus. Not long. Soon we'll be rich. Rich!"

"Rich!" he echoed, licking his thin lips. "For years I've wanted to know how it feels to have everything you want; not to worry—"

Bekin stirred herself, breaking into her brother's reverie. "You'd best go now, Gus. That nosey reporter is liable to come again today."

"Him!" Gus sneered, getting up. "He doesn't worry me. He wants a story from old Anatole, that's all."

Bekin nodded. "Just the same, Gus, he might hear something."

Gus took his departure.

The "nosey reporter" was already in the house, and in conversation with Anatole Anton. He had come in through the kitchen while Bekin was talking with her brother. Having been in this house several times before, he knew his way. What Bekin and Gus didn't know was that this young man didn't care a snap for any story from Anatole Anton. What they didn't know was that he was not

a reporter, but one of the smartest detectives in the world.

His name was not (as he'd given out) Hugh Carson. It was Dick Mace, sleuth extraordinary. And ever since his first trip to the Anton mansion, Dick had sensed a mystery, something underhand going on. He meant to uncover it.

He was talking with Anatole about Regina at this time, asking questions: When had she become mentally unbalanced? Why did she believe that her baby, long dead, cried out? That a strange figure walked through her room on moonlight nights?

Anatole could answer, "I don't know. You see, I've been flat on my back for five years—ever since these strange things began happening."

"Do you trust Bekin?" Dick asked.

"I have no reason to distrust her. She has been with the family for more than fifteen years."

"This brother Gus—" persisted Dick.

"Hangs around Bekin for money. Hand-outs. A harmless creature, I should judge. I really don't know him."

Dick nodded, mentally deciding to have a talk with Gus. Then he took his leave. Once in the hall, and finding it deserted, he went softly to Regina's room, in another wing of the great house. He tapped softly on her door. There was no answer. He pushed it inward. As he did so, he thought he saw a panel sliding slowly in the wall.

Dick hurried across the room, noting that the girl slept, and felt of the panel. It seemed solid enough. He tapped lightly on it. Hollow!

He turned. Regina was watching him with big, luminous eyes. She said, "You know where my baby is? Do you know?"

Her pathetic voice gripped Dick's heart. Had she heard anything or were these sounds all in her mind?

"Your baby, Miss Anton?" he said softly.

"Mrs. Grenville," she reminded him quickly. "Have you seen my baby? He is here somewhere."

Dick went over to the bed, sat on the edge of it. "When did you see your baby?" he asked.

The girl shook her head numbly. "I have not seen him in a long time. But he is here

—every day he cries in this room. I can never find him."

Dick did what he could to soothe the girl, and then left. He had decided on a definite course of action.

That night he came back to the Anton estate, parking his car some blocks away. He walked to the broad grounds and took up a hiding place not far from the ancient crypt. It was a cold, moonlit night. He had grown cramped from his crouching in the shadows when he saw a man furtively hurry across the lawn from the house and enter the crypt.

Dick sped after the man. The door of the stone mausoleum was unlocked. He opened the bronze door and stepped softly inside. He snapped on his flash. Many names were carved on the stone walls of the old vault. Two new coffins. There was no other door. Where had the chap gone?

Dick crossed to one of the coffins, casually lifted the lid. Then he almost gasped. Below gaped a set of stone stairs! The coffin was the entrance of some subterranean passageway. Quickly he dropped into the gloomy hole and found himself in a tunnel. He followed it, coming at last to another stairway. Up he went.

At the first turn he halted. Clearly he heard a baby sobbing from above. It almost made his hair stand on end. It was ghostly! The crying kept up for a minute, then he heard Regina's voice pleading, calling, heard her stumbling about her room.

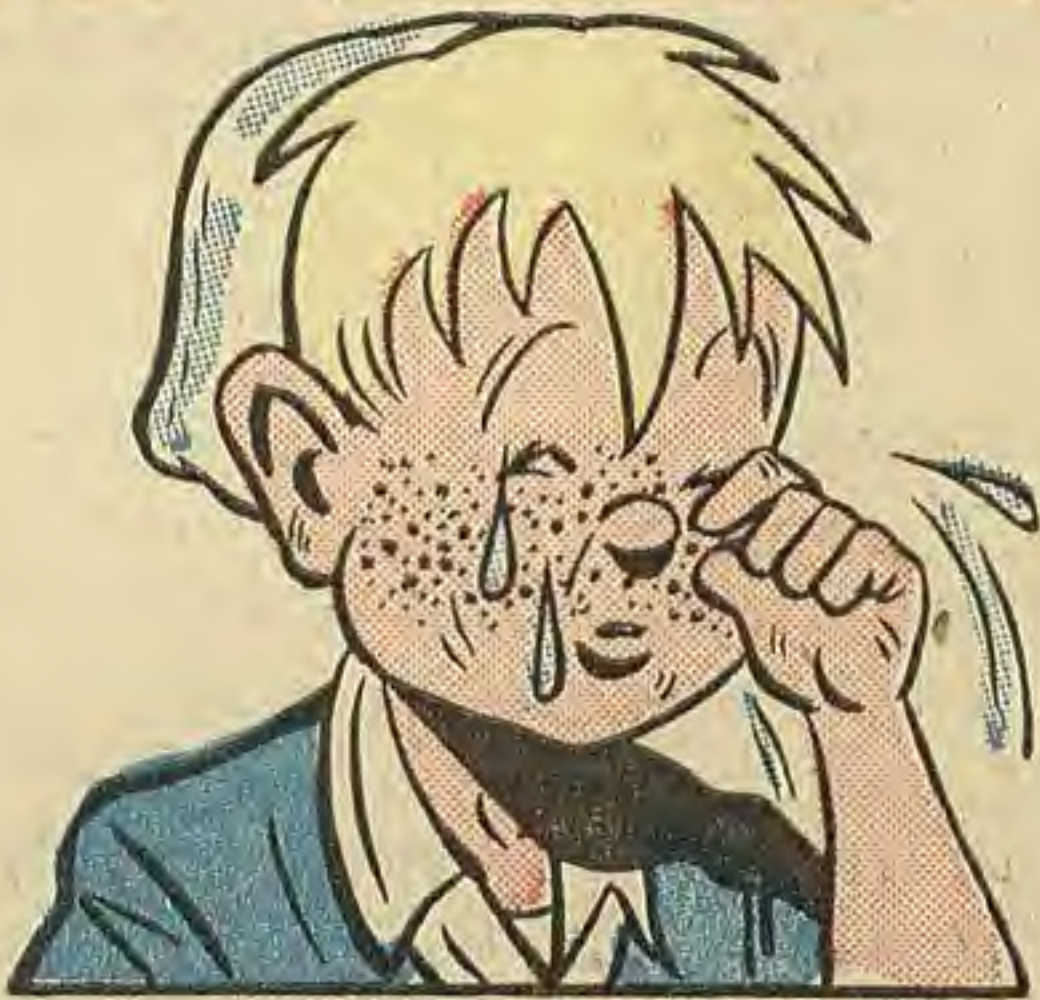
Then soft footfalls coming down the stairs above him. He ducked around the turn and waited. Soon a man appeared on the platform. With quiet ease Dick knocked him out. A fearsome baby's cry tore the silence. A baby rolled across the stones, babbling and sobbing.

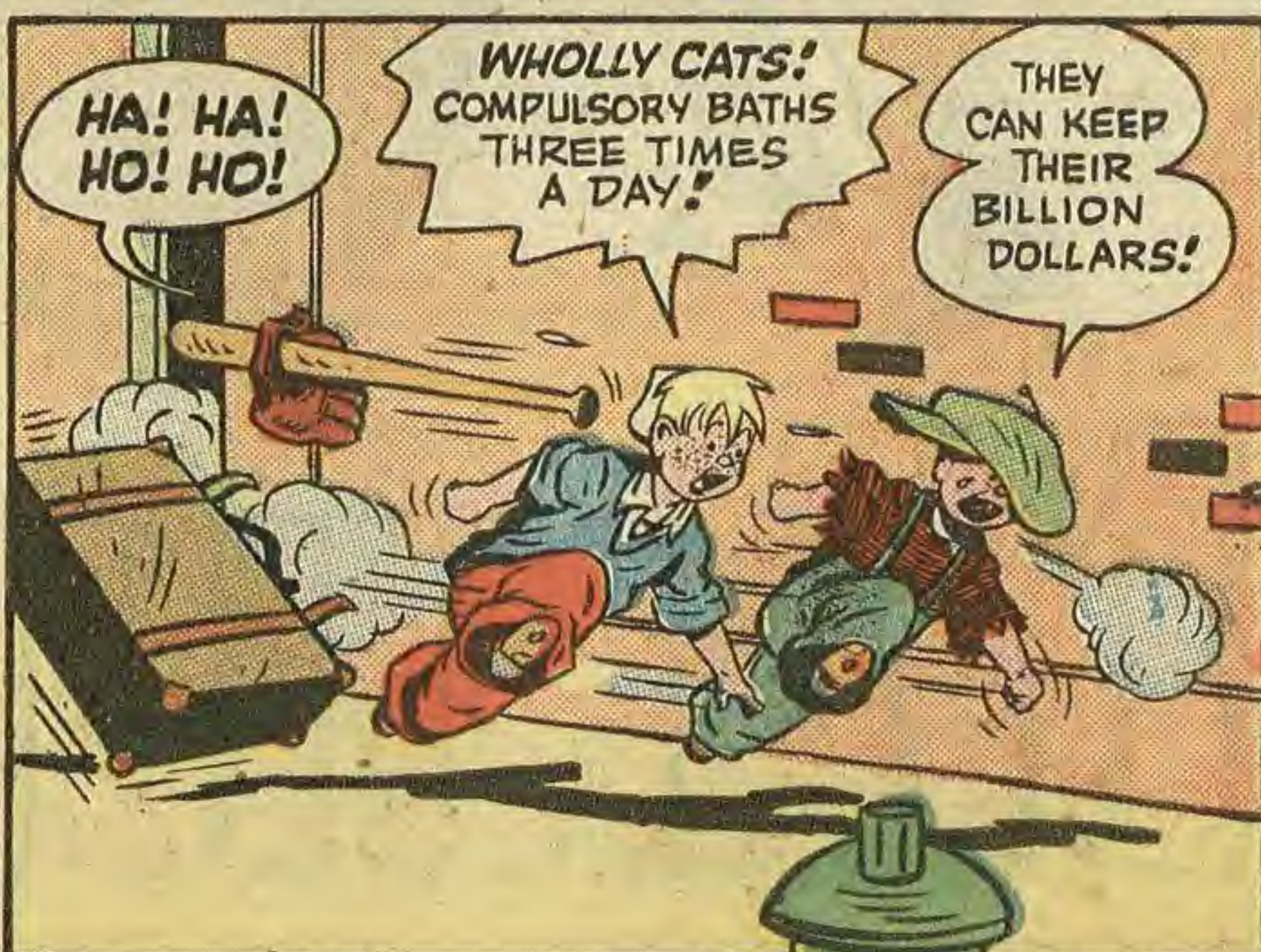
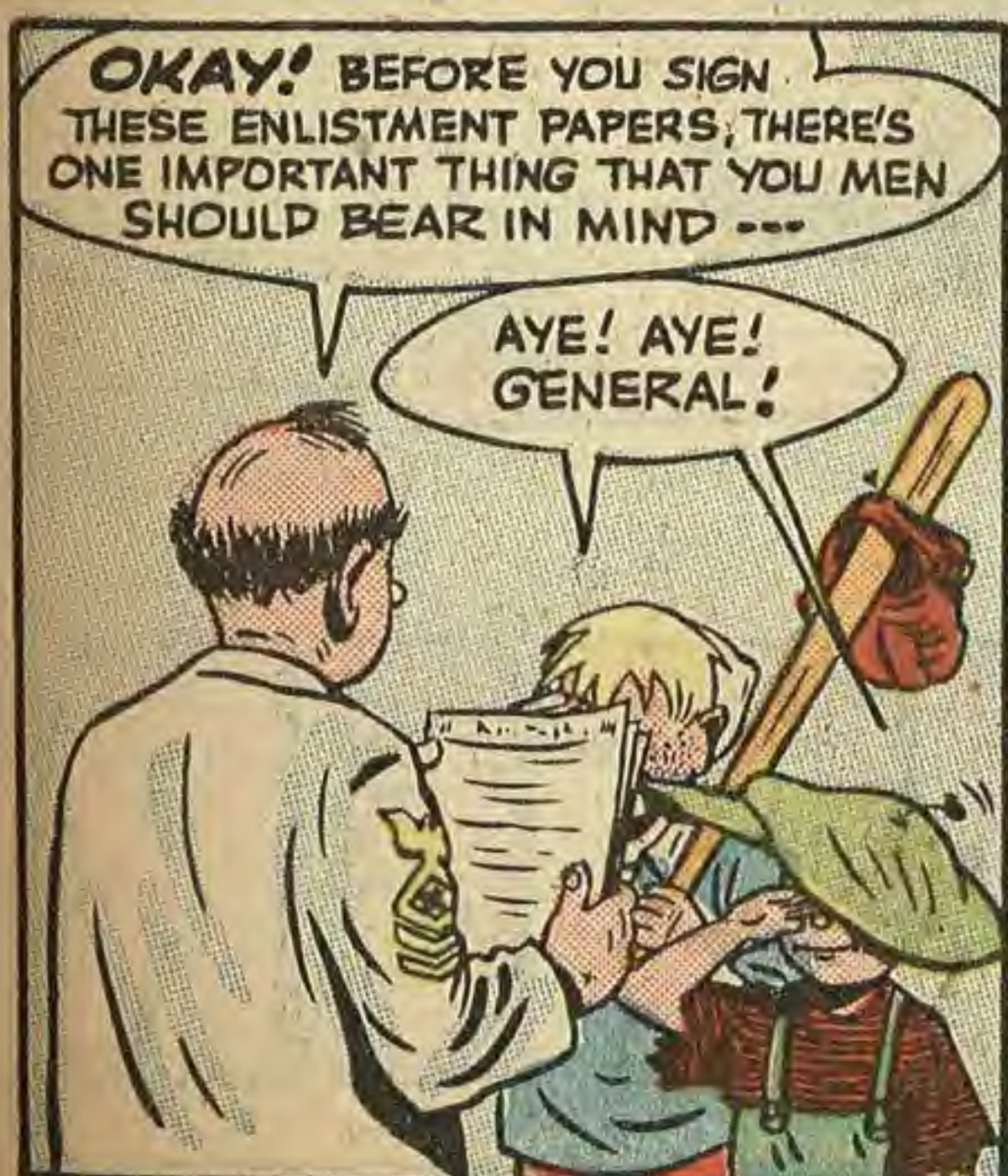
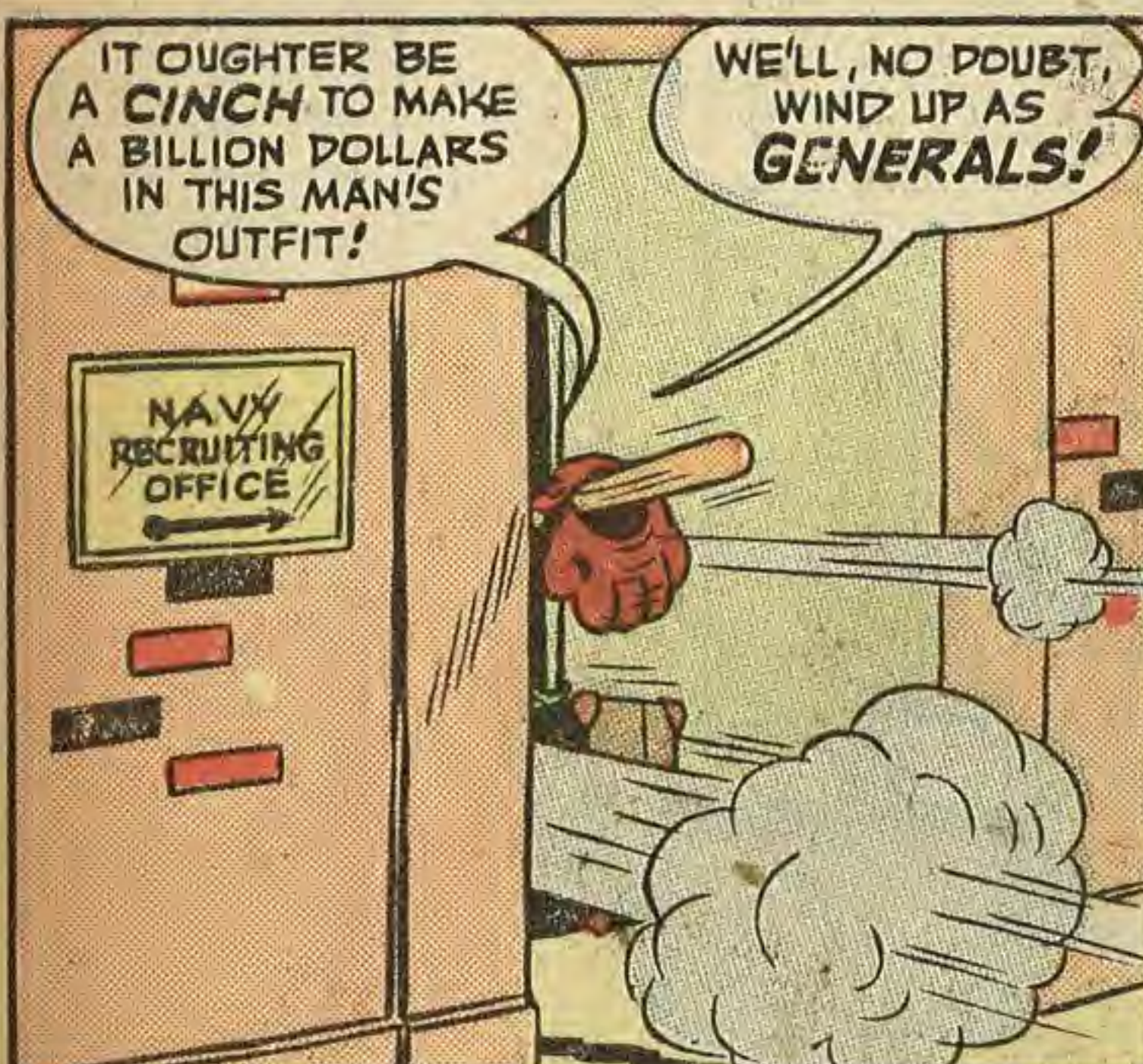
Dick snatched up the infant, discovering what he believed he would find—a crying doll!

So that's how Bekin and her precious brother were shaking the mind of Regina Anton; driving her crazy by the phony wails of a baby.

When the police came, Bekin and Gus broke down and confessed the entire plot, showing Dick and the cops the sliding panel in Regina's room.

SPECKS





EVEN a policeman
can have secrets...
And Officer DAN
RICHARDS, quiet,
efficient and modest,
has his *BIG* secret...

For he is *MANHUNTER*,
foremost crusher of
crime, who is aided
by *THOR*, the best
detective that ever
walked on four feet!



MANHUNTER

A high moment in the career of Carlo Varini, the new opera sensation! The town's wealthiest music-lovers have staged a reception for him when...

OKAY, YOU WITH THE TONSILS-- STOP SINGING! THE SHOW'S OVER!

YEAH, AND THE PRICE OF ADMISSION'S ABOUT TO BE COLLECTED!



I PROTEST... I WILL CALL THE POLICE!

NOT TILL WE'RE GONE, WARBLER! THE JEWELRY YOUR FRIENDS WAS WEARING-- UP TO NOW-- WILL FETCH US A HUNDRED GRAND!



The robbers gone, the police arrive....

DID I RECOGNIZE THEM? THEY WERE MASKED -- YET PERHAPS I MIGHT KNOW THEM IF I SAW THEM AGAIN!

YOU'RE A VALUABLE WITNESS, VARINI! WE WANT TO KEEP YOU SAFE -- SO OFFICER DAN RICHARDS WILL STAY WITH YOU AS A BODY-GUARD!



IS THIS REALLY NECESSARY, OFFICER? YOUR DOGGING MY STEPS, I MEAN!

THAT'S NOT THE POINT! I WAS ORDERED TO STICK WITH YOU, AND I'M DOING IT!

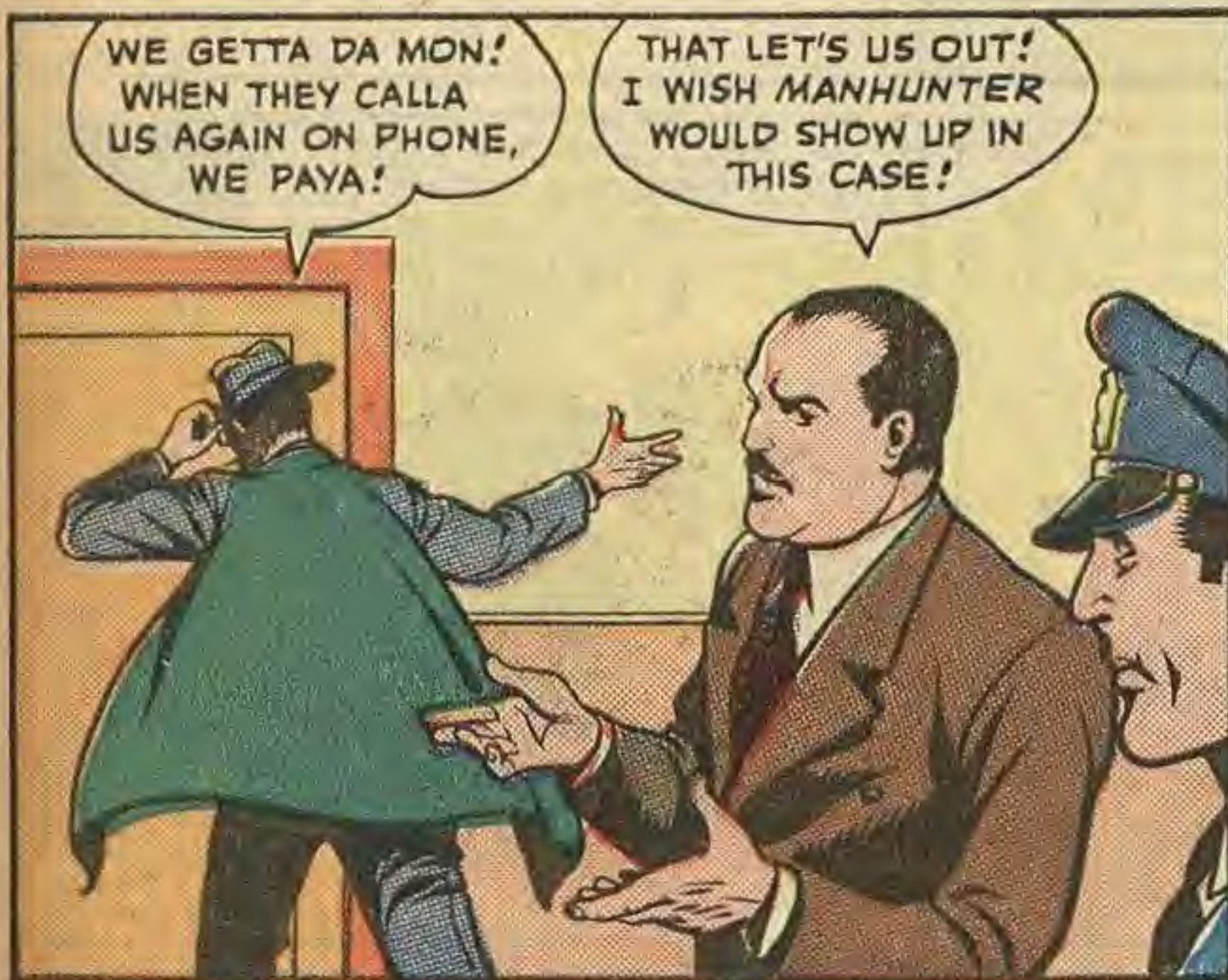


GIMME YOUR AUTOGRAPH, MR. VARINI!

WAIT, BUDDY! WHAT'S IN YOUR OTHER HAND -- INSIDE THAT POCKET?







Out of town speed the fugitive car and its follower....

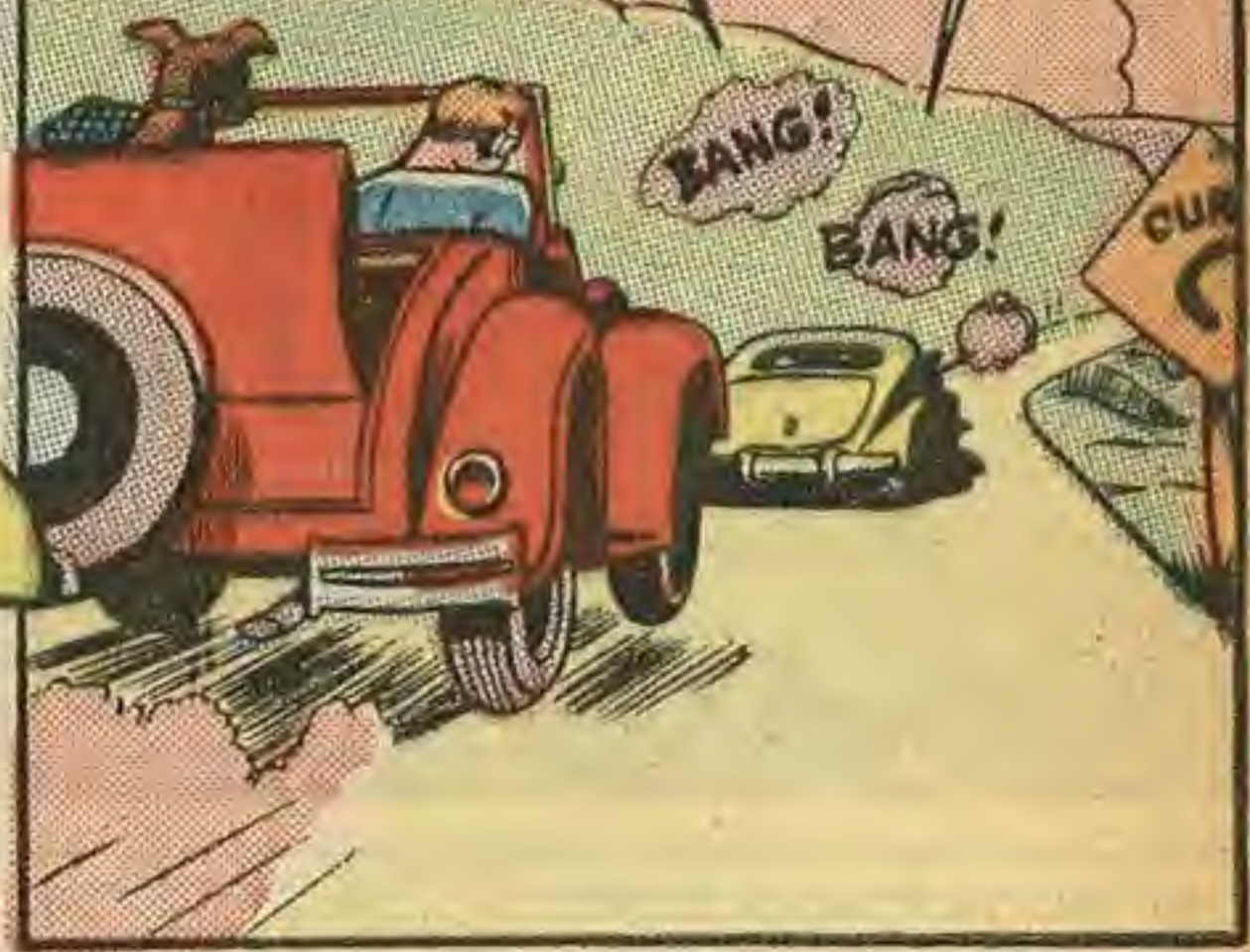
YOUR OLD CAR SEEMS TO HAVE PLENTY OF POWER!

I PUT IN A SPECIAL ENGINE LATELY -- BUT IT'S ALL I CAN DO TO KEEP UP WITH THAT BABY AHEAD!



THOSE MEDDLERS ARE GAINING!

I'LL FIX THAT!



BOTH FRONT TIRES GONE!

THE POLICE WILL MAKE IT RIGHT WITH YOU! SO LONG --- WE'RE STILL AFTER THAT CAR!



WE'LL TAKE THIS SHORT CUT OVER THE HEIGHT, THOR --- THEY'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE LONG WAY 'ROUND!

ARF!



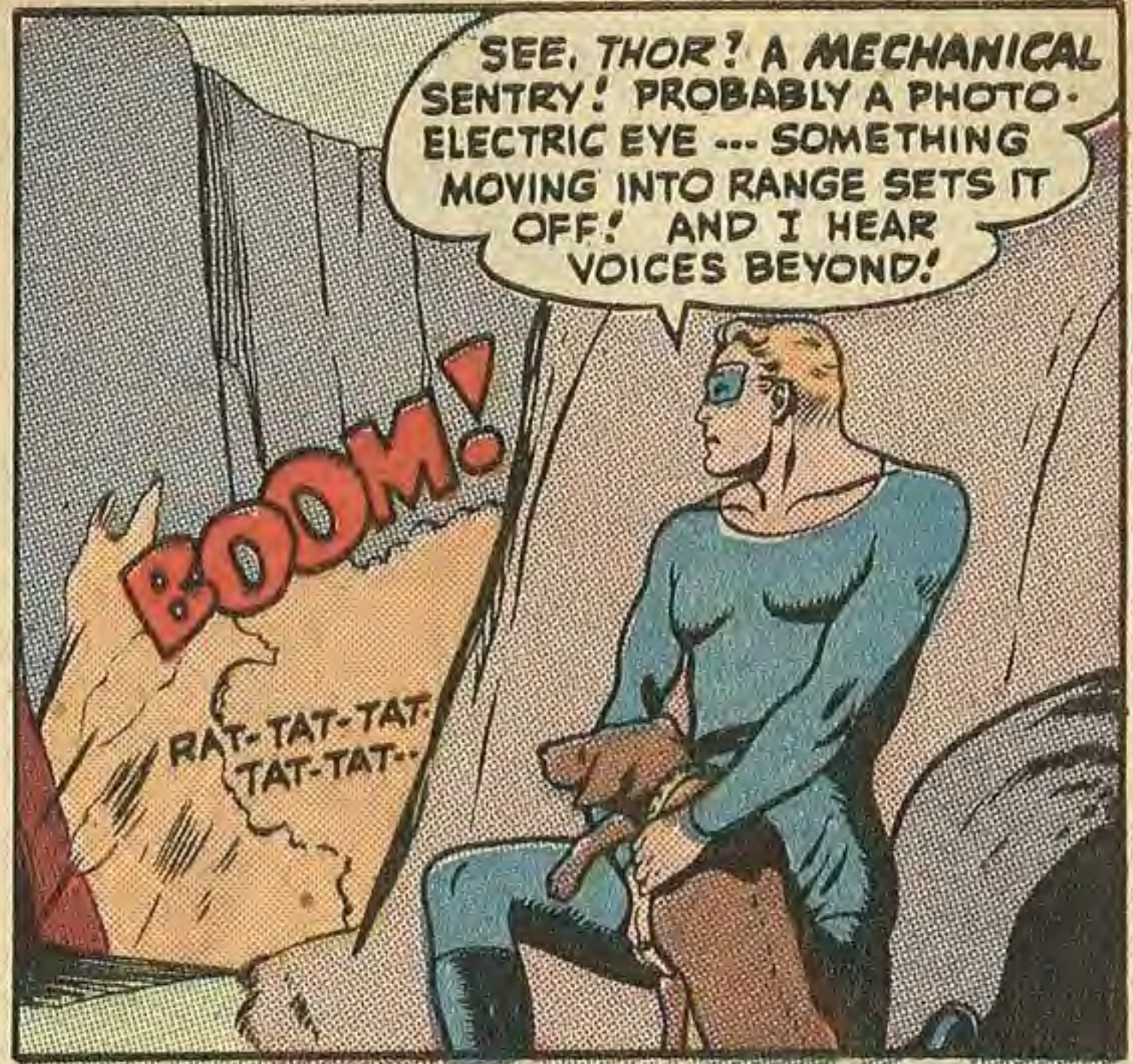
WE SHOULD HAVE MET THEM HEAD ON, THOR! THAT MEANS --- YES, YOU SEEM TO UNDERSTAND!

SNF! SNF!



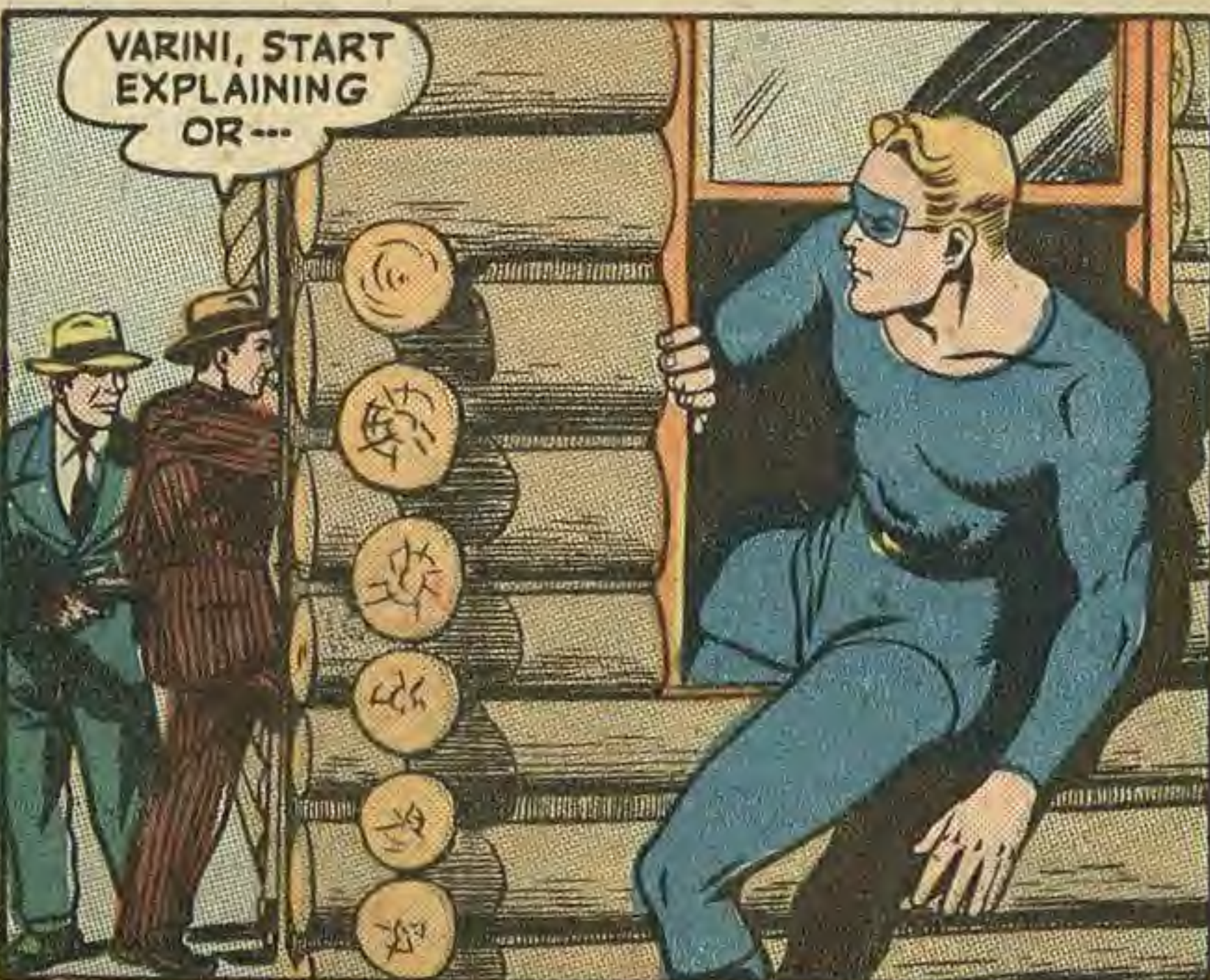
THIS SEEMS TO BE THEIR PRIVATE DRIVEWAY TO THE VALLEY BELOW!













Bob Feller

WORLD'S CHAMPION
STRIKE OUT - NO HIT SPEEDBALL
"CLEVELAND INDIANS" PITCHER

Says

"BOYS and GIRLS
GET ONLY THESE ORIGINAL, GEN-
UINE, PURE, DELICIOUS FROZEN
ON-A-STICK CONFECTIONS"

ALL "POPSICLE" PRODUCTS ARE
MADE BY SELECTED ICE CREAM
MANUFACTURERS IN "APPROVED"
CLEAN SANITARY PLANTS
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD AND
THEY ARE SOLD EVERYWHERE!

Popsicle Pete

will send you—

FREE

**Popsicle Pete
FUN BOOK**

GAMES

SPORTS

MAGIC

PUZZLES

HOBBIES

COMICS

ALL THIS FREE
NO BAGS — NO MONEY
SEND ME YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS



COOLING — REFRESHING
VARIOUS FLAVORS



CHEWY — FUDGY
FROZEN DELIGHT



RICH ICE CREAM
DELICIOUSLY COATED



RICH ICE CREAM
CHOCOLATE COATED

**SAVE THE BAGS
GET SWELL PRIZES**

Grand gifts for bags (or bags and cash) from
these products.

Ice Cream On-A-Stick Bags are good too if
they say "LICENSED BY JOE LOWE CORPO-
RATION" and — "SAVE THESE BAGS FOR
GIFTS."

THIS WONDERFUL "POPSICLE PETE" FUN
BOOK" CHOCK FULL OF STORIES, TRICKS,
PRIZES, HOBBIES, ADVENTURE, QUIZ,
LAUGHS AND ENTERTAINMENT.

**EXTRA FREE PRIZE
CATALOG**

It goes with the "POPSICLE PETE" FUN
BOOK." It shows pictures of prizes given just
for saving bags (or bags and cash) and tells
how many bags needed for each gift.

EASY TO GET

TO GET BOTH THE "POPSICLE PETE" FUN
BOOK" AND PRIZE CATALOG JUST SEND
A POSTAL CARD WITH YOUR NAME AND
ADDRESS TO

Popsicle Pete*

401 W. 26th ST., NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

In Canada Address

100 Sterling Road, Toronto

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Licensed by Joe Lowe Corp.

The Insult That Turned a "CHUMP" Into a CHAMP



I Can Make YOU A New Man, Too in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

HAVE YOU ever felt like Joe—absolutely fed up with having bigger, huskier fellows "push you around"? If you have, then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'LL PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality!

"Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a scrawny, 97-pound weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

You Get Results FAST

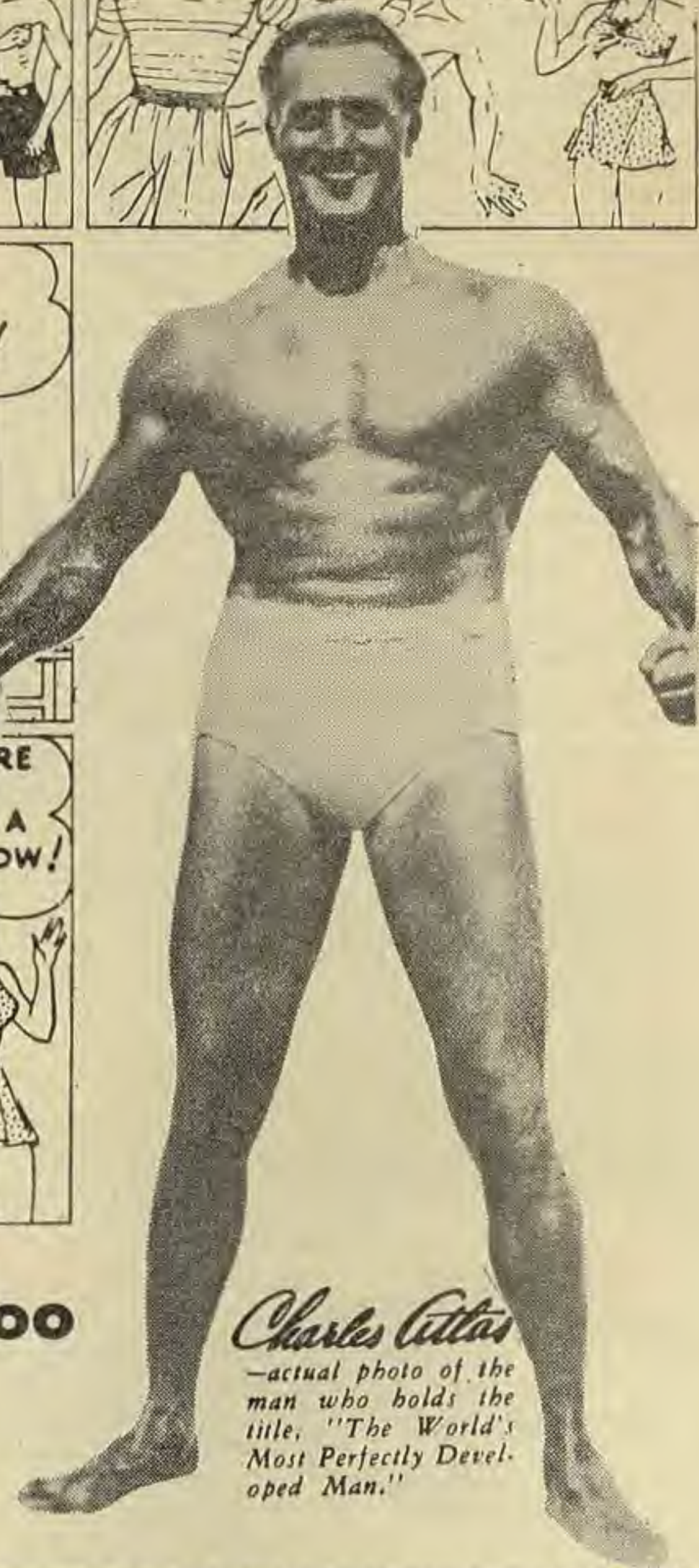
Almost before you realize it, you will notice a general "toning up" of your en-

tire system! You will have more pep, bright eyes, clear head, real spring and zip in your step! You get sledge-hammer fists, a battering ram punch—chest and back muscles so big they almost split your coat seams—ridges of solid stomach muscle—mighty legs that never get tired. You're a New Man!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they look before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally, Charles Atlas, Department 3306, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, New York.



Charles Atlas

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3306

115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name (Please print or write plainly)

Address

City State

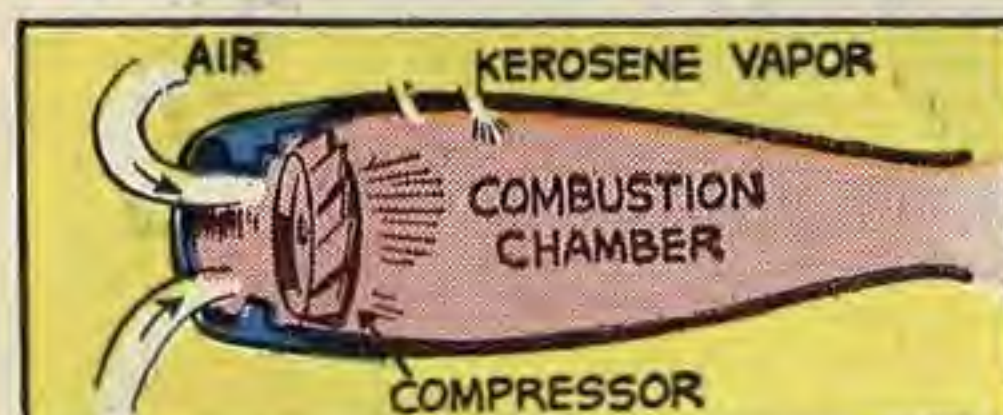
☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A

"U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



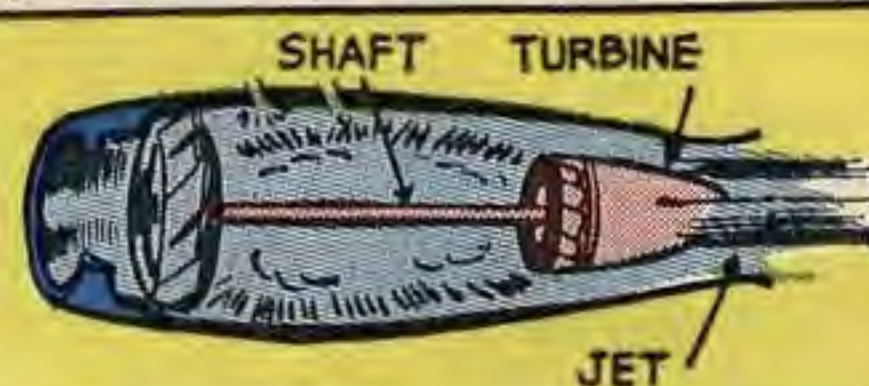
HOW
JET-PROPULSION
WORKS



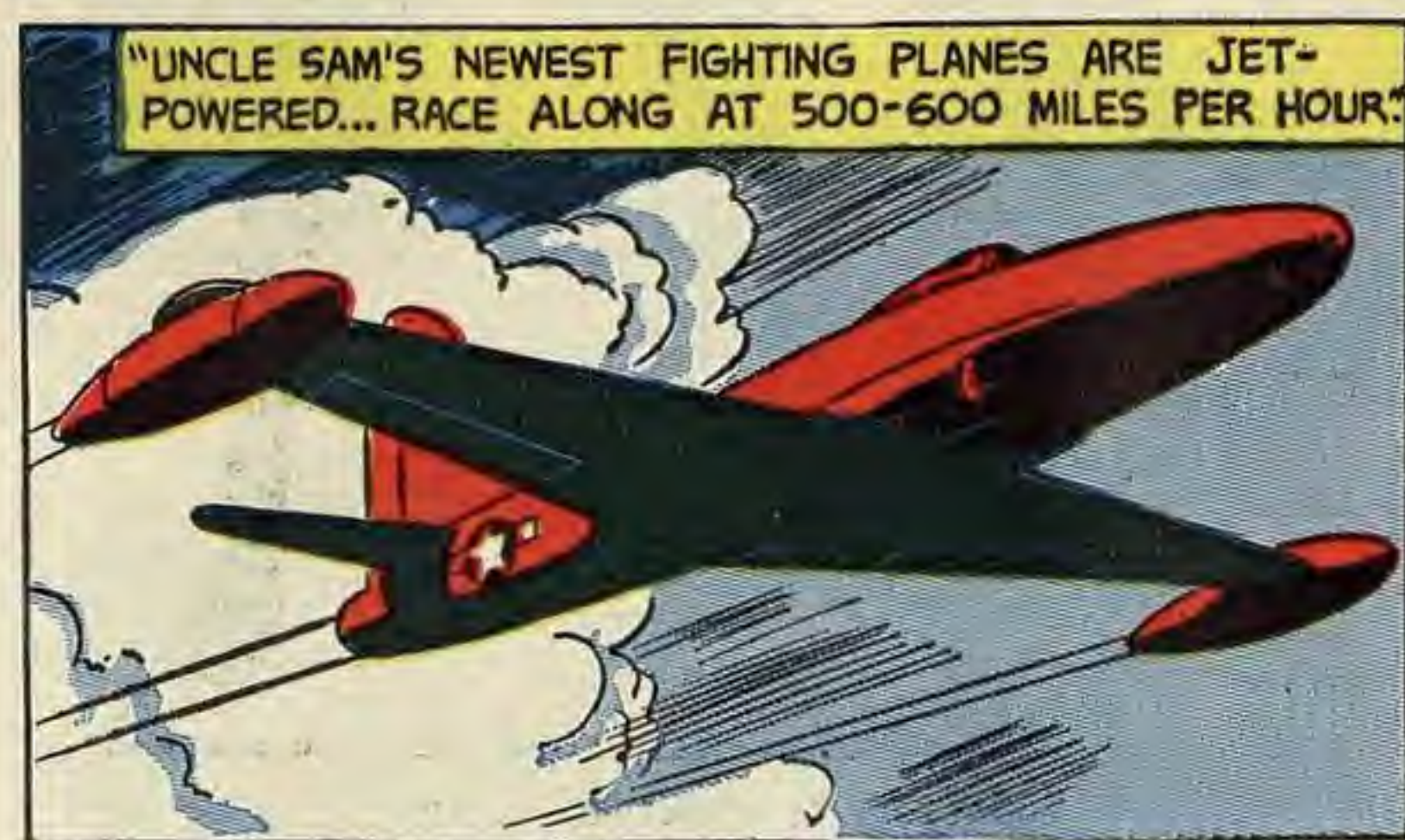
WHEN A SPARK STARTS THE VAPOR AND AIR BURNING, IT EXPANDS RAPIDLY ... SHOOTING OUT THE BACK AND DRIVING THE ENGINE FORWARD.



BUT WHAT TURNS THE FAN UP FRONT?



"AH, THAT'S THE TRICKY PART! ON THE WAY OUT, THE 'JET' OF EXPANDING GASES TURNS A TURBINE... ANOTHER SORT OF FAN. AND THE TURBINE TURNS A SHAFT THAT TURNS THE COMPRESSOR."



THAT "BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN" GIVES ME TOP PERFORMANCE ... SAYS "U.S." ROYAL!

"YOUR BIKE COMES ALIVE IN THE SPRINTS WHEN YOU'RE RIDIN' ON U.S. BIKE TIRES. 'U.S.' HOLDS THE ROAD WITH PERFECT BALANCE, SURE TRACTION. THAT BUILT-IN CHAIN DESIGN IS A RAPID-FIRE STOPPER TOO, AND FOR MORE MILEAGE, U.S. IS TOPS."

U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Serving Through Science

NEXT ISSUE:
OUTWITTING
THE KIDNAPPERS!